

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 312

Week Ending
MARCH 7, 1925

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

Every Thursday 2d.

THE MONUMENTS OF WREN AND RENNIE

THE FLAG ABOVE ADELIE LAND

WHOSE SHALL IT BE?

A Tale of Two Ships That
Passed in the Storm

FRANCE AND ONE OF HER HEROES

France is making a claim to Adélie Land, the great coast area of the frozen southern continent which thrills with the memory of heroic deeds.

It was in February, 1788, that the gallant Frenchman, La Pérouse left with his English rivals at Botany Bay the letter he wrote to France telling his Government how, at the end of his expedition south to take possession of Australia for her, he found that the English with their first colonists had arrived a few hours before him and won for England the continent he had been sent to seize for France.

He sailed away to be lost for ever. He was sought in every sea for forty years, and at the end of that time Captain Peter Dillon, an English sea rover, found the battered ships where La Pérouse and all his men had perished on a coral reef at Vanikoro, just north of the New Hebrides. Two years after that, Admiral D'Urville was sent by France to erect a memorial on the site of that bitter tragedy.

D'Urville's Fine Record

The long search for La Pérouse kindled a passion for exploration in the heart of Jules Sébastien D'Urville. An artist and poet by instinct, he had adventure stirring in his blood. He became a sailor at 16, and immortalised himself in 1820 by identifying a marvellous statue newly unearthed in the Greek island of Melos, so enabling the Louvre to acquire its greatest treasure, the Venus of Milo.

D'Urville was saved in his infancy from fire; after he had won fame in the ice he was to perish by fire in the end.

He was a worthy successor to La Pérouse. He made three great voyages, circumnavigating the world and adding much to our knowledge of men and manners in distant seas. He was a brilliant writer, and one of the founders of the French Geographical Society.

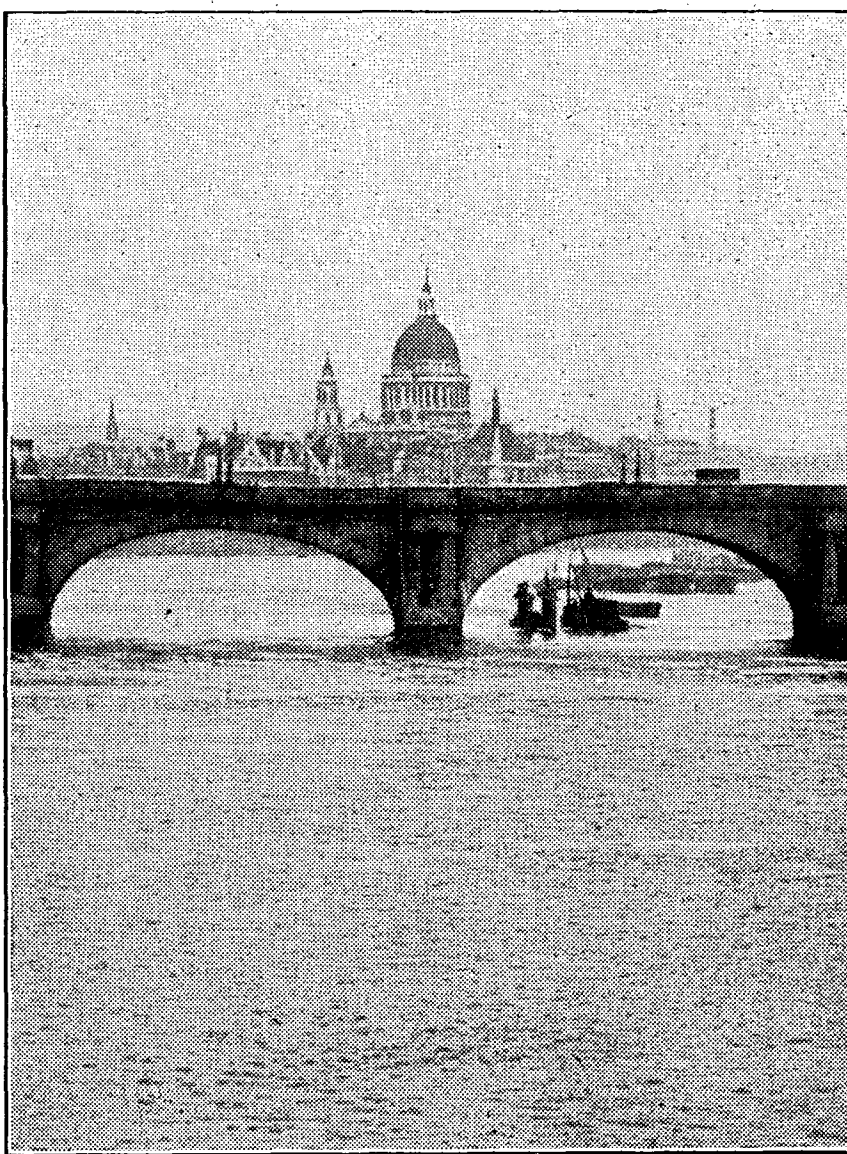
Explorer's Tragic Fate

Yet he had endured poverty, neglect, and suffering before he set out in 1837 on a voyage which brought him three years later to the Antarctic mainland, the first man to see it.

He never set foot on the continent, for weather and ice made that impossible; but he did unfurl the flag of France on a rocky island off the coast, and he did claim that island and the coast for his country. He called the land Adélie Land, after the noble wife whose devotion had made his long voyages possible and inspired him to make them.

France lost Australia by a few hours, she won Adélie Land only by seven days.

Wren's Dome and Rennie's Bridge



The best minds of the nation have been greatly concerned for the fate of Wren's dome and Rennie's bridge. Here the dome is seen across Waterloo Bridge, the crowning architectural glory of London across the city's noblest riverway. No city in the world has two finer monuments than these, one carrying the throngs of people on their way, one stirring the soul to higher things. See page 2

D'Urville was just emerging from a great storm in which he was all but lost when a strange ship, flying the American colours, loomed out of a fog. The ship was that of Captain Charles Wilkes, sent by the United States on a similar mission to D'Urville's. These ships that passed in the storm were racing for Adélie Land, and the Frenchman had won by a week.

And in that lone sea, where neither had seen a living thing save seals and penguins, they passed without a word exchanged, without a hail, without a signal; surely the strangest, surliest encounter in all the annals of exploration. But D'Urville had landed, he had named his coast and sea, and he went home rejoicing. It was in his own country that he died, with his wife and his son, perishing in an appalling train fire near Paris in 1842.

From the days of D'Urville the French flag disappeared from Antarctica, and only now, 85 years after the advent of D'Urville in the Adélie Sea,

has France demanded that Adélie Land shall be hers. In this long interval Great Britain has done noble work in Antarctica generally. In Adélie Land itself Sir Douglas Mawson, barely surviving perils and agonies such as few other men have ever overcome, has surveyed hundreds of miles. He holds that this land is ours, by right of search and occupation, by right of a bitter price in life and suffering. It will be interesting to see how the point is decided, which flag shall wave over this distant land.

PITY THE POOR BIRDS

A member of the Freshwater Council has stated lately that almost anywhere on the Isle of Wight coast dead sea birds can be seen in dozens.

They have gradually died of starvation after having their plumage smothered with waste oil from the sea, and he has seen (he says) birds making desperate but fruitless efforts to free themselves from the mess which bound their feathers together.

PAST THE GATES OF DEATH

AMAZING SCENE IN THE
AIR

The Pilot Who Crashed to
Find Out the Facts

MAN OF IRON NERVE

On a wide, treeless plain in the Eastern United States a number of men in uniform stood watching with glasses the speck of an aeroplane which was racing in the sky. The men were officers of the U.S. Air Service and the plane was being flown by one of their pilots in a test which, for coolly calculated daring, has never been surpassed.

The plane mounted higher and higher and then swung downwards. Down it came, and still down, in a steeper and steeper dive. The officers on the ground held their breath. They knew what the pilot was doing, and the tension of the frightful risk he was taking communicated itself to them. One of them suddenly gave vent to a gasp. The aeroplane in its plunge shivered.

Back to Earth

Just then, at that very critical moment, a puff-ball loosed itself from the plane and fell first with a jerk, then turned into an umbrella, and then began to settle slowly. Before this second movement had defined itself the flying-machine's planes buckled and crumpled, and in the twinkling of an eye began to crash earthward. In a flash it had passed the umbrella puff-ball (which was in truth a parachute), and long before the parachute had borne the pilot to safety had dashed in flames to the ground.

The officers hastened to the pilot. He was unhurt, and the experiment he had made had been completely successful. It was not to leap with a parachute from an aeroplane, for that is part of the training of U.S. pilots, though when they do it another aeronaut is left to guide the plane.

Flying Made Safer

This man had gone up alone. He had volunteered for the task in order to detect a mysterious weakness in the wings of this type of plane, the cause of which no other experiment had been sufficient to disclose. His task was to go up in the plane and bring it down so steeply that the wings would give way under the strain while he watched them giving, so that he could see the cause.

What he saw, calm-eyed and watchful, as he held the plane in one hand and his life in the other, was that in diving the balancing planes began to flutter. This flutter communicated itself to the main planes and set up strains sufficient to cause them to buckle in mid-air.

He saved his own life by leaping with his parachute as the planes broke. He will save that of others by the facts which he observed, for they will lead to a proper strengthening of the parts.

THE DOME AND THE BRIDGE

GOOD NEWS AND SAD NEWS

St. Paul's will be Saved but Waterloo Bridge May Go
LONDON'S CONCERN FOR TWO NOBLE THINGS

As far as the experts are concerned, grave decisions have just been taken in regard to two of England's finest monuments, both of which have been exercising the public mind for many weeks past, owing to their insecurity.

The dome of St. Paul's, the experts say, will not have to come down; its supporting piers will not have to be rebuilt. All they will need is strengthening. On the other hand, the experts say that Waterloo Bridge must go. It is too old and too small, and must give way to something bigger and stronger.

The final voice in regard to the bridge rests with the County Council, and it remains to be seen what action will ultimately be taken. Even at this late hour it is hoped that there may be means of saving the bridge. Everyone is agreed as to its beauty; it is regarded as one of the most stately and beautiful bridges in the world, and it has made the fame of its great engineer, John Rennie, secure for ages. But it is too narrow for the traffic that has to go over it, and too much in the way of the traffic that has to go under it.

A Penalty We Must Pay

Even so, it would probably never have been condemned at all if it had been thought possible to keep it as it is; other bridges would have been built near by to take the excess of traffic. But the poor old thing is worn out after a hundred years of hard work, and that is why the experts say it must be taken down to prevent it from falling down. Its foundations are weak, its piers are weak, and its arches cannot stand the strain.

There has been talk of building a new bridge on new foundations, exactly like the old one; but it would not be the old bridge, and it would not do the work required. The old bridge takes three lines of traffic abreast, the new one would take six. The old bridge has nine arches, the new bridge would not have more than five. These would be steel arches, like the arches of Westminster Bridge. It would be a sad loss, but it would be the penalty we must pay for the development of traffic.

What St. Paul's Needs

But it is good news about St. Paul's. The experts who first recommended that the present piers should be strengthened by pouring in liquid cement have now reported on the allegations of other experts that that would not save the dome.

The reply is that, contrary to the general impression, the foundations are not sinking, that the pillars in the crypt are sound, that the tilting of the dome has not increased since Wren's time and need not trouble us now. All we need is to counteract the cracking of piers supporting the dome by forcing cement into the loose "rubble" in their centre, temporarily strengthening them by a casing while we do so.

No St. Paul's Bridge

Then, when this has been done, we can replace the cracked stone facings at our leisure. And to prevent the dome from forcing the "drum" outward below it we can give the drum a belt of steel which will hold it tightly in place.

Of course, the City authorities have yet to be convinced that these experts are right and the others wrong; and building, or rather digging for building foundations in the neighbourhood of the cathedral must be discouraged. There must be no St. Paul's Bridge, for instance. That will be one good thing, and it will be all the better if, out of this trouble, comes a little encouragement for the noble scheme of a new Charing Cross Bridge instead.

A WOMAN ON THE HILLTOPS

Death Calls Her Among the Flowers

THE FINE WORK OF A STUDENT

Among those botanists who visit the least accessible parts of the world to study the plants and trees that grow up to the mountain tops, none did better work than Miss Lilian Gibbs, who has just died in Teneriffe while still working on the specimens she had brought with her from the South American Andes.

She was still a botanical research student at the Royal College of Science at South Kensington when, in 1907, she ascended the Mount Victoria Range in Fiji, and in the year which won her the Huxley Medal she worked her way up to the summit of Mount Kinabalu in British North Borneo.

Some of her most important work was done in New Guinea, where she made her way through the trackless and almost impenetrable tangle of forest and jungle to the crest of the Arfak Mountains, and the Bellenden Range, which she climbed in the torrential rain of the wet season.

Miss Gibbs's botanical life was spent on the hilltops, though she was not a climber like Mrs. Bullock Workman, who ascended 23,300 feet in the Himalayas to reach the crest of Nun Kun. That is the highest point ever reached by a woman, though (as a correspondent is good enough to remind us) it was lower than Camp 5 at 25,000 feet on Everest or Camp 7 at 27,000 feet, between which Mr. Odell caught the last sight of Mr. Mallory and Mr. Irvine.

WAGES FROM CAESAR What Happened to Them?

QUEER FIND IN RUINED CASTLE

What can be the reason of the accumulation of over 8500 Roman coins among the ruins of Richborough Castle?

Much of the castle dates back to the later days of the Roman occupation, and it is thought probable that the money was for the payment of the Roman troops. But why were the troops not paid, and why was the money left there when the Romans went away?

All we know is that the money had lain there, only three feet below the present surface of the ground, for more than 1500 years. Many of the coins are those of Constantine the Great, but, queerly enough, hundreds of them have the name and head of Arcadius.

Arcadius was the first Emperor of the East after the permanent division of the Roman Empire. What should an Eastern Emperor's coins be doing in Western Europe? Two of the Arcadius coins are of gold and are as fresh as if they had just been issued from the mint.

Among other discoveries made at Richborough Castle by Mr. Walter Klein, who is digging under instructions from the Office of Works, is the not very cheerful one of handcuffs with human bones inside them.

The coins, then, were not the only things left behind at Richborough.

A PRIME MINISTER'S WIDOW STARVING

Memory of a Terrible Moment

It must have been rather a shock for Frenchmen to learn that the widow of a man who had been three times Prime Minister of France was absolutely destitute, and it is not surprising that the present Prime Minister, M. Herriot, should be proposing a pension for her.

The dead Premier, M. Charles Dupuy, was at one time President of the Chamber of Deputies, and during his term the Anarchist Vaillant threw a bomb into the Chamber. M. Dupuy prevented a panic by calling out immediately the first shock was over, "Gentlemen, the sitting continues."

SKY MEN AND SKI MEN

The St. Bernard with Wings

MANNA FROM THE SKIES FOR MOUNTAIN PRISONERS

The big brave St. Bernard dog which the good monks used to send out to search for travellers lost in the snow has a rival and a successor in the aeroplane.

Three men set out from Zurich on skis for a mountain journey which only accomplished ski-ers attempt, taking with them four days' provisions. They were overtaken by one of the heavy February snowstorms, and though a week went by they did not return. Search parties could not go out to seek them because of the depth of the snow and the danger of avalanches. It was thought they must be lost.

But a military aeroplane was flown over the Bernina crest to seek for traces of them, and as the plane passed over to the Italian side of the mountain the observers saw the three ski-ers coming slowly from the refuge hut.

They had been imprisoned there by the storm with only scraps of food for three days. The aeroplane, like the St. Bernard which used to carry sustenance strapped to its collar, let fall some bags of food close by the ski-ers.

They shouted their thanks; and the aeroplane sped back with the good news, while the recuperated ski-ers made their way home to Pontresina.

BOY WHO BOUGHT A CIRCUS

The Chance that Came

How many boys have wished they could buy a circus? There was once a boy who actually did it.

James White, living at Rochdale, in Lancashire, went to the circus for two-pence and determined that some day he would have a circus of his own. When he was nineteen his chance came.

He was told one Saturday night that he could have the circus for £100, and start on the Monday. He must have been saving up, for he paid £25 himself and got friends to join him and find the other £75. In two years he was rich enough to take a theatre at Matlock, and in due course he came to London. Now he owns one London theatre and controls another.

Two other things many a boy would like to do Mr. White has done. He has bought the big business where he was employed as a boy for 5s. a week; and after being a post office messenger boy he has bought the ground on which the old General Post Office in London stood.

ROTORS OR MOTORS

Test of the New Ship

The rotor ship, the new German type of vessel with revolving towers instead of sails, has just been tried on a first commercial voyage.

The Buckau, equipped with rotors, arrived at Grangemouth on the Forth laden with pit-props after a voyage of some eleven days. It took her eight days to reach Kiel from Danzig, and about three days to cross the North Sea.

The weather and winds were almost entirely unfavourable for the voyage, the Buckau having to use her motors more than her rotors during the part between Danzig and Kiel, but the crew said the ship rolled much less than she would have done if she had been driven by sails.

The rotors seem to be quite a satisfactory method of driving a ship, though they have not yet succeeded in driving it very fast.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Gemini Jem-e-ni
Haematite He-mah-tyt
Krupp Kroop
Popocatepetl Po-po-kah-tay-petl

A WIRELESS WORD TO WHITEHALL

Is it a Crime to Look at the Sun?

A BILL THAT MUST BE ALTERED

The C.N. has often wished we could have a bright schoolboy in the Cabinet, and it wishes so once more.

There are thousands of bright boys who can handle a listening-in set, or can make one; and amplifiers and grids and electrons are household words to them. But there is one expression which they would never use when they were speaking of wireless waves. They would not call them etheric waves.

The wise men of Whitehall, who have just drawn up a new Wireless Telegraphy Bill, have forbidden people to use etheric waves without the aid of connecting wires—unless they have a proper licence. That is to say, it is to become an offence to use the vibrations of the ether unless we have a licence!

But, bless us all, as Tiny Tim used to say, we all are doing that every day of our lives. When we look at a candle it flashes etheric waves into our eyes. Etheric waves dance towards us as we write and read these words and will dance towards us from the printed lines when we read the Government Bill. In fact, we cannot avoid the use of one kind of etheric wave unless we are blind, and even if blind we should receive another kind of etheric wave from the fire-grate or the electric heater.

For, as many a bright schoolboy could tell our Government draughtsmen, light waves and radiant heat waves are all waves of the ether. Therefore the Government must alter its Bill, or it will be passing a law which will make it impossible for us to look at anything, or to feel the rays of the Sun on our faces, without wires!

A PEOPLE THAT CANNOT BE CONQUERED

French Premier's Tribute to Us

The Prime Minister of France, who is faced with the task of persuading the nation to tax itself so as to enable it to meet its obligations and to save the falling franc, has been encouraging his countrymen by recalling the example of the British people.

M. Herriot recalled that during the war, about the time of the great reverse in Italy, he was in England, and went to Manchester with Mr. Bonar Law. At a large meeting Mr. Bonar Law calmly explained the situation and said:

"We ask you to be patient—to be still more patient. If you do this, there will be no difficulty."

The vast audience rose like one man and began to sing Rule Britannia.

"I felt at that moment," said M. Herriot, "that a people capable of such coolness and moderation could never be conquered."

A BLIND MAN'S LIFE

And What He Made of It

We have often seen lately how well a blind man can play chess, and certainly it is no longer true that a man is shut off from a career because he cannot see.

The career of Mr. John Keir, manager of the Aberdeen Blind School, who has lately died, is a remarkable example of the active part a blind man can take in life. Mr. Keir became one of the most prominent men in the public life of Aberdeen, serving at various times as president of the Scottish Trades Union Congress and chairman of Aberdeen School Board.

He was blinded, as a child of four, through a steel splinter entering his eye while he was playing in his father's smithy. At nine he went to the Aberdeen Blind School, where he became overseer of basket-making, a post he held for 26 years. It seems that he simply refused to allow his blindness to be a handicap.

FOOTBALL IN THE AFRICAN BUSH

What a Bishop Found LOAVES IN KEROSENE TINS

Dr. Aglionby, the Bishop of Accra, who went out to West Africa from Tyneside a few years ago, has just had a six-week trek through some of the outlying parts of his diocese.

He says that it has not always been a perfect pilgrimage to pleasant places, especially when paddling in a fresh breeze in the dark across a lagoon five miles wide in an overloaded canoe, or when the bread had to be baked in kerosene tins and the curry was made of rat!

One of the sights that interested him most was at the village of Enchi, in one of the most remote parts of the Gold Coast Colony.

A Heroic Encounter

Here, at the school of 80 boys, there is a passion for football. They run two teams, the Enchi United and the Everton. Why the second team took the name of the famous Liverpool footballers is not known. Between the two there is great rivalry, and the bishop describes a match he saw between the two teams, for whom coloured jerseys had been bought by neighbouring chiefs.

"The encounter was indeed heroic," he says. "When one side scored a goal some of the players stood on their heads, while others danced and turned somersaults. The bare-legged footballers played a capital game, but when it was over the real fun started. All the other boys, excited spectators before, dressed in their native cloths, shouting 'Everton!' or 'Enchi United!' plunged into the fray.

"A native cloth is an awkward garment for a footballer, and in less than five minutes half the heroes were playing with nothing on at all. But think of it! In the heart of the African bush Everton is a household name!"

A CANTERBURY TALE

Why There was a Crowd

Christopher Marlowe of Canterbury is a great figure in English literature. He was a friend of Shakespeare, but he is not very well known to the mass of Englishmen today.

Yet somebody has just recalled that when his memory was being celebrated at Canterbury 34 years ago a great crowd of ordinary people gathered in the Cathedral city and waited patiently for hours to witness the proceedings. Sir Edmund Gosse, in a letter to The Times, has explained the reason for this great popular interest in a literary event.

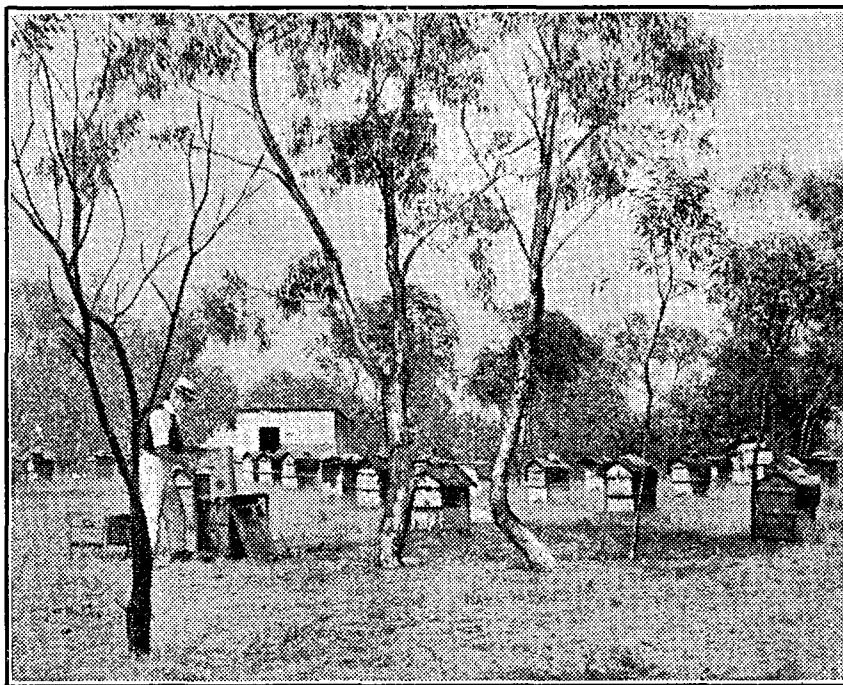
We of the Marlowe Committee (he says) went down by train together to Canterbury, and on the way Henry Irving expressed a fear that attendance might be meagre. "I don't think they care a rap about Marlowe at Canterbury," he said. He was mistaken; the concourse was immense, and the eminent actor was much gratified. But pride was to have a fall.

We dispersed, to meet at the hotel for luncheon. I was walking thither with Alfred Austin, who had come over from Ashford for the unveiling, when a man accosted us very politely with "Excuse my asking, gentlemen, but was the widow able to be present?"

"Widow?" we both exclaimed in stupefaction. "The poet was a bachelor, and he died 300 years ago!"

"Oh!" said the man, "then there's some rummy mistake, for all the crowd thought the monument was to the public executioner, Mr. Marwood."

THE SANCTUARY AT HUMBUG SCRUB



The bee farm at Humbug Scrub. The temperature in the hut is sometimes over 117 degrees



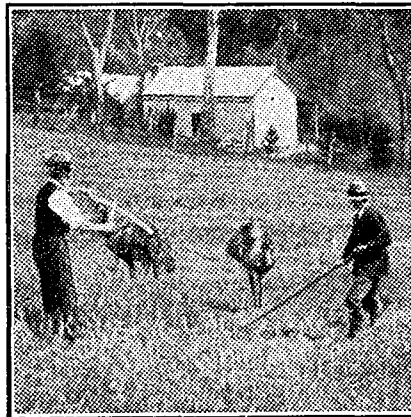
A morning greeting



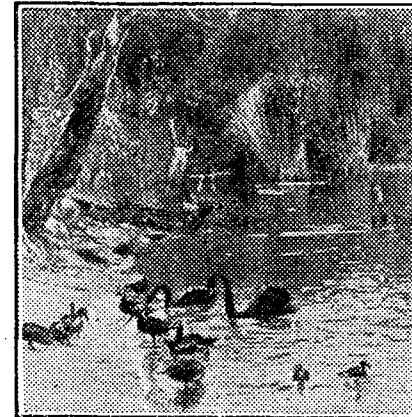
The mallee fowl as a chum



Darby, the kangaroo, and his mate



Cutting hay in the emu's paddock for the kangaroo's dinner



A scene in the sanctuary, where many birds live in peace and quiet

In these photographs we see our old friend Mr. T. P. Bellechambers at work in the sanctuary he has built up for the wild life round Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. For many years Mr. Bellechambers, who went out from England as a young man, has been living among his wild friends at Humbug Scrub, and his whole life has been devoted to the interests of dumb creatures and the preservation of Nature's rare children

5000 YEARS AGO AT PORTSMOUTH

The Peaceful People of Those Days

THE ANCIENT COOK'S HAY BOX

Portsmouth today is becoming interested in the life of the men and women who lived on the Hampshire coast five thousand years ago.

During this year it is likely to learn a good deal more about them, for at Chalk, on the peninsula which forms one side of Portsmouth Harbour, there has been discovered a very fine "kitchen midden," or refuse heap; and from the shells and bones and broken earthenware found there it is possible to learn much about the life of the former inhabitants.

The Innominate Club, as the Portsmouth Archaeological Society calls itself, is engaged in a thorough exploration of the midden, which is in a quarry near the golf house, and has noted already that, while flint scrapers for cleaning hides, flint knives, chisels, and fish-hook points have come to light, no weapon of war has been found. It appears, therefore, that these people of five thousand years ago may have been more advanced in the art of peaceful living than we are.

Early British Homes

No sign of houses has been discovered, but these ancient Britons probably lived in shelters of wattled clay, naturally very perishable.

Coarse pottery has been found and fireplaces, besides plenty of "pot-boilers," or flint stones which were heated in the fire and then dropped into the water in the pots to heat it.

Evidently their cooking methods were similar to those of our modern "hay box." A fire was lighted in a clay-lined hole in the ground. Flints were placed on the burning embers, and when the stones were thoroughly heated the meat was placed on them, and the hole covered over with stones and turf, while the food was cooked slowly inside.

There were scores of these middens along the south coast of England, but most of them have been lost owing to the way in which the sea is gradually eating up much of the low-lying coast.

SOUTHAMPTON'S NEW DOCKS

Enormous Scheme Starting

The first part of the great dock extension at Southampton is being put in hand. It has been talked of for years, but the necessary Bill had to be passed through Parliament and the land bought.

It is all to be done by the Southern Railway Company. At present there are only five berths that can take the largest liners at any state of the tide.

The first difficulty was to find a spot in a good position in relation to the town and the railway at which the needed quay space could be made with water alongside it 45 feet deep at the lowest tides. There is no such spot: it will have to be made.

Between the Town Pier and the West Railway Station is a bay in the river two miles long and half a mile wide containing 460 acres of mud land. The mouth of this bay is to be enclosed by an embankment and the space between gradually filled up with the mud dredged up from the old and new waterways. This reclaimed land is to form sites for factories and so on.

The new jetties (two at first and ultimately five) will be built out from this new river front. Each of them will be a thousand feet long and 260 feet wide. A commission is visiting Continental ports to discover the latest and best machinery for quick loading and unloading of ships.

The whole scheme is estimated to cost 13 million pounds.

THE FOX UP THE CHIMNEY AND WHAT HE FOUND THERE

How an Enemy Discovered
Four Little Refugees
DUCKS UP A TREE

By Our Natural Historian

If you were a rabbit and wished to be free from a fox, you would think yourself perfectly safe up a chimney. But a fox has found four rabbits up a chimney in Hampshire.

The fox was chased for 15 miles by the hounds and hunters, and at last reached a house near Petersfield. Terrifying as is the presence of man to a fox, the animal preferred to risk all by entering the house to facing the pack of hounds. It jumped through a window, ran up a chimney, and was lost.

Unfortunately for the poor hunted brute it was seen, and as all other efforts to compel it to leave its hiding-place failed, workmen removed some of the brickwork and got the fox out. It is sad to have to relate that the poor creature, after its tremendous gallop for life, and its last ingenious bid for safety, was callously thrown to the pack. We protest loudly against the cruelty of the pigeon butchers of Monte Carlo, but there are cruelties still practised in England in the name of sport.

Brer Rabbit in the Flue

But the point of interest for us is that this chimney contained, not only the fox, but four live rabbits!

Could there be a more unlikely set of circumstances than this hiding of four rabbits in a chimney, and their discovery in such a fastness by their deadliest enemy, himself seeking refuge from his deadliest foes?

But this colonising of chimneys by rabbits may be commoner than most of us imagine. A few years ago a sweep at High Bickington brought down with the soot seven fine wild rabbits which had made their home in the flue. Again, a lady visiting an old farmhouse in the North, was amazed to see a veritable little Brer Rabbit pop into view and away again at the back of the fire. She thought she must be dreaming, but no, in a moment there was the rabbit again; and after that two or three others came and peered across the fire at her.

A West Country Joke

The wide old chimney communicated with the chimney of a fireplace in another room where no fire was lighted, and the rabbits commanded the run of both.

In the West Country there is an ancient stock joke. "Where are you going with that ladder?" they ask; and if he is unwilling to gratify curiosity the man puts them off with the absurd answer, "Oh, I'm going to look for a duck's nest."

Yet a son of the Western shires who has many times shared the joke at home, does now actually take a ladder to find a duck's nest! In one of the London parks there is a huge old secluded tree whose upper branches are practically dead, but whose great trunk is mysterious with a heavy mantle of ivy.

Climbing Ducklings

In that tree a pair of wild ducks nest year after year. Making their nest, concealed among the luxuriant growth at the summit of the trunk, they lay their eggs and hatch their young.

The ducklings cannot fly, of course; but they climb. They climb down the ivy on the tree; they march sedately after their parents in the quiet of early morning or late evening, and lo, the lake in the park has a new brood of wild ducklings which have come mysteriously during the night.

Children think the little things have flown there with their baby unfledged wings, or that they have been carried on their parents' backs. But the man with the ladder knows. E. A. B.

JERSEY WAKES UP Women No Longer Chattels AN ISLAND TAKES A STEP FORWARD

Like all the Channel Islands, Jersey has queer laws of its own, and these often give privileges to the inhabitants which are denied to strangers. But, as they can escape income-tax in Jersey, strangers continue to live there.

And now this old-fashioned island of the King's Duchy of Normandy has passed a law giving married women the right to hold property. It passed its Married Women's Property Act on February 12, 1925.

"Disgraceful!" we cry, "but what is to be expected of a place where the Lord of the Manor still has rights almost of life and death over his tenants?" The fact that it would be more than the life of any Lord of the Manor was worth to try to exercise such rights puts a different complexion on the case.

So does the fact that only 42 years have passed since wives in England were no more than "chattels" of their husbands, so far at least as the law was concerned. Until 1882 it was only by means of ingenious evasions that an Englishwoman who had money or land of her own could prevent the rents and the capital from being squandered by a spendthrift husband.

KENT'S FORGOTTEN KINGS

Discovery at Canterbury

Before there were Kings of England there were Kings of Kent and Wessex, though their story is so confused that we remember little about them now.

The archaeologists who are excavating in St. Augustine's Abbey at Canterbury lately came across four tombs of Kent kings, whose bones had probably been removed from St. Mary's Church and buried there in the 12th century. On one of them was this inscription: *Here rests Lothaire, King of the English. He died on the 6th of February, in the year 685.*

Another tomb bears the name of Wihtred, who died in 725, and the others are supposed to be those of Edbald and Mulus, an invading king from Sussex.

It seems surprising that Kent, as well as Egypt, should have royal tombs to be discovered.

THE BOY WHO RAN AWAY Life-Story of a Successful Man

Once upon a time, 74 years ago, a boy of eight years old, the son of a poor Welsh farmer, began to learn the English language at the village school at Tavernspite, in Carmarthenshire.

His name was Howell Williams. At 12 he was apprenticed to a draper at Monmouth, but he ran away to become a chemist's apprentice in Ebbw Vale. There he stopped four years, sending home all his savings from his scanty salary as a dispenser to help his father. At 29 he became an analyst, and a few years later he put on the market a mineral water which has now become a very great success.

This romantic and well-spent life has just ended with the death, at 82, of Mr. T. H. W. Idris, the name taken by the man who began as Howell Williams, the boy who ran away from the draper's shop.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A tortoiseshell cabinet . . .	£700
Four panels of Flemish tapestry . . .	£315
Panel of Aubusson tapestry . . .	£152
Six Hepplewhite chairs . . .	£122
Pair of Queen Anne stools . . .	£98
Portrait by John Constable . . .	£63
A sketch by Reynolds . . .	£63

A microscope once owned by Pope Benedict XIV was sold for £31.

NEVER SAY DIE A Grand Old Man of Italy OCTOGENARIAN WHO EXPECTS HIS CENTURY

Signor Mussolini, the young man who is now the undisputed ruler of Italy, is wise enough, whatever he may say in public, to preserve in private a profound respect for the young man of over 80 who ruled Italy before the Dictator came on the scene.

The young man of many years is Giovanni Giolitti, and he will soon be 83. But he has come back into political life, and his first step on arriving in Rome from his country house in Piedmont was to take a new lease of his flat in the Via Cavour for 25 years.

The landlord was amazed, but many shrewd observers are convinced that the vigorous old politician whose Government fell before the attack of the Black Shirts, is not too old to come back to power should opportunity arise.

And the reason why they think so is that they know their Giolitti. They have seen him climb back to power so many times, after defeats that would have broken any other man.

A LITTLE TOWN AND ITS FINE CROSS

Age-old Monument Sold for a Shilling

The market crosses of England have seen much history. Many of them have looked down on the coming and going of the townspeople for centuries.

News came the other day that Lord Stalbridge had sold the 14th-century market cross at Stalbridge to the parish council for a shilling.

Standing 30 ft. high, this old Dorsetshire cross is raised on four steps, and is carved with figures of Jesus, Mary, and John, with shields and coats of arms. The figures have been blotted out by time, and the cross is worn by centuries of wind and rain, but it is still a noble monument and a glory of its town.

Charles Stuart certainly saw this market cross, for he dined close by it one night, and Robert Boyle must often have looked at its quaint figures, for he lived here, and did many of his experiments at Stalbridge House.

Its passing to the public is a reminder to us of the beautiful things of the past we can see almost everywhere in England, and its sale for a shilling is a reminder of the queer things that remain from the past in English law.

FALL OF A FAMOUS TOOTH What a Nervous Photographer Did

In the American Museum of Natural History is a tooth which American geologists prize far more than if it were a tooth of Christopher Columbus, for on its evidence rests the only claim that America has to anything resembling a Fossil Man or one of his ancestors.

It is the tooth of the *Hesperopithecus*, and it has been broken!

The *Hesperopithecus* was not a man while it lived, but Dr. Fairfield Osborn thinks the tooth proves it to have been an anthropoid ape which bore a resemblance to man. There are other geologists who do not agree with him, but the tooth, though a small thing, is America's own, and it has been studied and X-rayed for months in order to find whether its structure lent support to Dr. Osborn's theory.

While it was being taken out to make yet a few more X-ray photographs the photographer handed it to an assistant, remarking that it was worth a million dollars. At those tremendous words the nervous assistant, a stupid fellow, let it fall out of his palm on to the tiled floor, and in rushing to save it, knocked it so that it broke to pieces.

PINNED FAST IN A CAVE

The Sad Fate of a Kentucky Man CAPTIVE FOR 18 DAYS

A remarkable example of endurance was seen in the tragic doom of a man who has lately died in a cave in Kentucky. The case aroused intense interest in America, and scores of men worked hard to rescue the unhappy prisoner.

With freedom within a few yards of him, able to whisper to those who were striving to save him, he endured for 18 days the most terrifying and unexpected experience that can be imagined.

He had been seeking a new way through the honeycombed sandstone into the caverns, and while he was crawling out through a narrow passage 150 feet below ground a slab of rock fell on his leg and pinned him.

He was not entirely alone. Friends sought him, but they could not reach him through the narrow tunnel, just high enough for a man to wriggle through while lying prone; and he could be got neither backwards nor forwards. Icy water was trickling on him and lying in a pool about him. An attempt to haul him out by a leather rope failed.

Too Late

He lay there three days in mortal danger of dying from cold and exhaustion, able at last to speak only in whispers. Then his friends reached him and the rock was shifted; he got his leg free. But in that moment, by a perverse stroke of Fate that seems almost incredible, another fall of rock cut him off from his rescuers.

For days after that the work went on, but though several people reached the place, they could not set free the poor man's foot. Towards the end there were high hopes that the man (whose name was Floyd Collins) would be brought out alive, though he had been ten days without food or drink, but at last microphones ceased to record his breathing, and when he was reached again, after the clearing away of tons of rubbish, his long sufferings were at an end.

ABANDONING AN ISLAND Population Goes Away

OLD LINE OF "KINGS" BROKEN

A curious thing is happening in the little island of Bardsey, off the extreme northern end of Cardigan Bay, in Wales. All the inhabitants, headed by their "king," have decided to leave and come to live on the mainland.

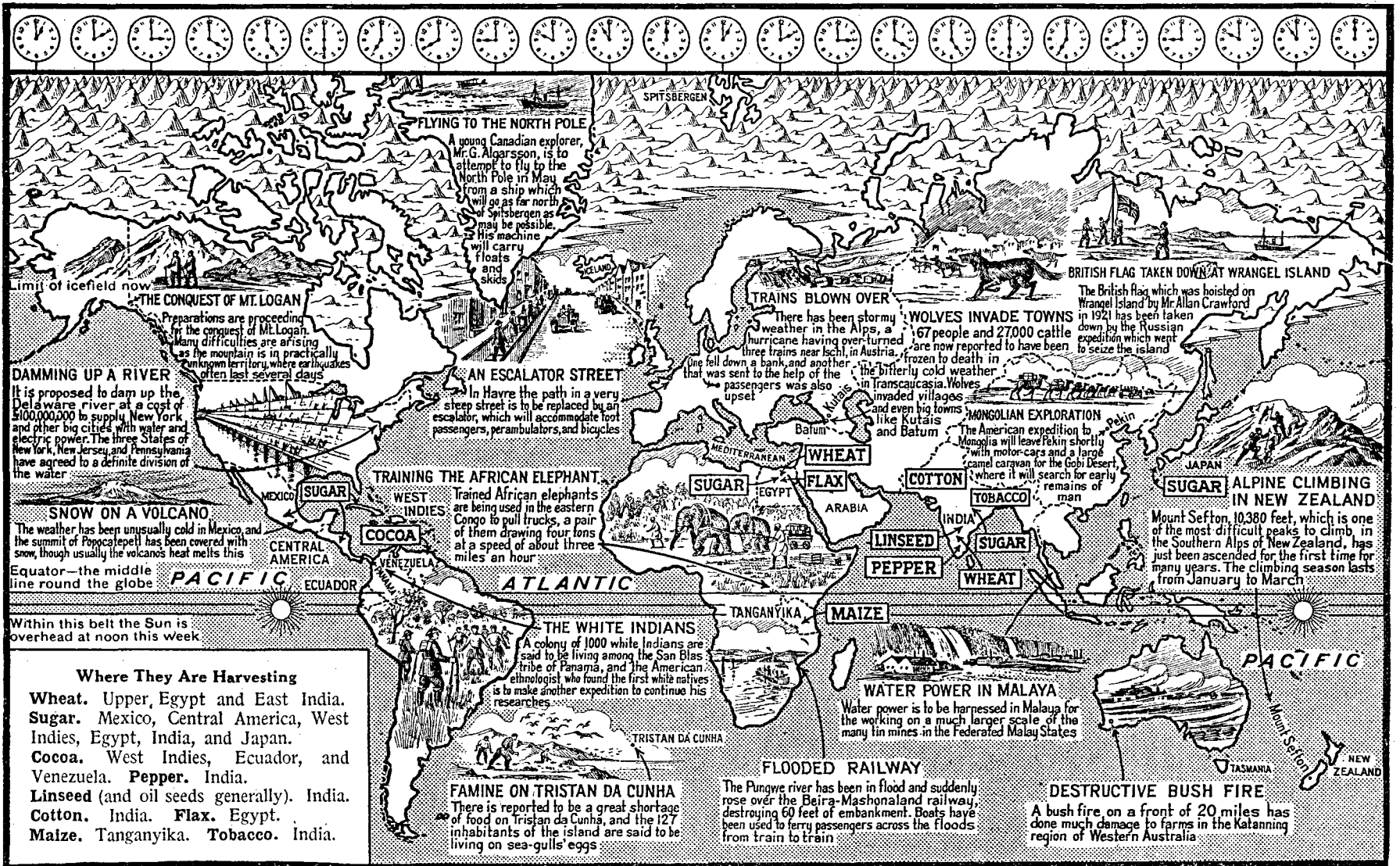
The attractions of the gayer life of the mainland have lured away the young men and maidens till there are too few to do the work, and the old people, to the number of only 35, have decided that they can struggle on no longer.

The king, Love Pritchard, is 83, and his sister, the queen, is at least as old. There have been kings of Bardsey for a hundred years, elected by their neighbours, but now the line will end. The island's history goes much farther back than that, however.

Merlin, the great magician of the early Britons, is said to have taken his magic ring thither and built a "house of glass" for its keeping. When the Saxon invaders massacred the Celtic priests the remnant took refuge on Bardsey, and it became through the centuries the burial-place of monks from far and near whenever their friends could afford the journey. Roads were made from north, east, and south for the funeral processions. And today the graves, each marked by a stone slab, crowded close together, cover nearly four acres. There are said to be 20,000 of them.

There is a lighthouse on Bardsey, and, of course, the lighthouse-man must stay. Perhaps he will not be alone for long, for it seems unlikely that the comfortable farms will be left permanently untenanted. There are people on the mainland who might be glad of them.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ELECTRIC SCREEN FOR THE FISHES

The Invisible Barrier

There are now in the United States thousands of miles of irrigation canals for which the water is drawn from rivers which contain much fish.

The fish, however, are not wanted in the canals, and many ways have been tried of keeping them out. All mechanical barriers are a nuisance and impede the flow of water, but a method is now being practised which is proving very successful.

The water is electrified, and when the fish come to it they receive a slight shock which causes them instantly to dart away from the danger area. The method of electrification is quite simple and not very expensive. Electrodes are immersed in the water at the mouths of the canals, and a current sent through them has the required effect.

TWO SMALL COUSINS

Artist of 5 and Pianist of 11

Heredity, which is the transmission of talents or defects from one generation to the next, or to the next after that, has taken a remarkable turn with two London boys, Lova Cassini and Dania Moiseiwitsch.

They are both nephews of Benno Moiseiwitsch, a well-known pianist. Lova, who is 11, is a pianist, too, but Dania, who is only five, is an artist; "at least," he said to the C.N., "I think I am, because I draw and paint." And he has extraordinary talent.

Lova Cassini began to play the piano when he was eight, before he had any lessons. Today he plays Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and all the great masters, and has not only excellent technique, which is the art of music, but strong temperament and individuality, which are the gifts no art can teach. And, in spite of his musical ability, he is excellent in other subjects, and has earned the praise of the masters in his school at Hackney.

THE CREEPING BOURNES

Long Lost Waters Seen Again

Two streams, or bournes, which spring from underground waters have reappeared in Surrey, the Croydon Bourne and the Addington Wickham Bourne.

They used to be thought of as signs and portents, but their cause and origin are now known. Water in rainy seasons seeps through the chalk and wells up when the chalk strata are saturated.

The Croydon Bourne broke out as usual this year in the grounds of an inn at Warlingham, on the north side of the North Downs, and is now creeping up the valley. But more strange is the Addington Wickham Bourne, which had completely disappeared for 33 years before it showed itself again in 1916. It is now flowing again.

THE LOCAL LOCOMOTIVE

New Idea in England

A few weeks ago the C.N. mentioned a new type of shunting locomotive which is being used for local work at Chicago. It has neither fire nor fireman, but is charged from a central plant with enough water and live steam to keep it running for three hours before being recharged.

We are glad to hear that England is not behind America in using this novel idea. A local locomotive is actually already in use at the new Lloyd's paper mills at Milton, near Sittingbourne.

THE COAL DUST CANNON

Safety Underground

The United States Bureau of Mines is experimenting with a new method of fighting coal dust explosions.

A small cannon is mounted on a mine car, and when danger arises from collection of the dust at any one point the cannon is hurried to the scene. A charge of black powder is then fired, which scatters the dust in all directions.

This original idea is said to be working very well in tests.

NEW SORT OF WINDOW

For the Ultra-Violet Rays

A great hospital at Baltimore is experimenting with a new window.

A process has been discovered whereby clear fused quartz glass can be cheaply produced, and it is stated that by using this, ready passage is given to the ultra-violet rays from sunlight which are impeded by ordinary glass. Experiments have been made with animals, and it has been found that those raised under the new glass grow much faster and are more healthy than the others.

Such windows should be invaluable where rickets and other diseases caused by lack of ultra-violet rays are under treatment.

LOOKING INTO STEEL

X-rays Discover when it is Tired

Mr. A. E. Pullin, Director of the Radiological Institute of Woolwich, stated the other day that he had been able to make X-rays penetrate four inches of steel.

By means of X-rays engineers can now examine the parts of machines which are subjected to heavy strain, and the difficult problem of the fatigue of metals can be solved. Even the structure of a crystal can be investigated by these remarkable rays.

THE CRUELTY WE ALLOW IN ENGLAND

I should hate to be called by the disgraceful name of a humanitarian. I am not that. But can anyone explain to me why a man was fined £10 at Croydon for sending a dog by train in an unventilated box, and a fox was allowed to be smoked by a fire underneath it out of a chimney in which it had taken refuge after a run of 15 miles, and then was thrown to the hounds?

PERCY A. SCHOLES

SMALLEST SHOPS IN LONDON

Hardly Room to Stand in Them

London has many quaint shops, and many small ones where a good trade is done. But the three smallest shops of all must surely be the bootmaker's establishments in Savile Place, belonging to young Mr. Alfred Bochaton.

Numbers 9 and 10 are together on one side of the busy covered passage behind Regent Street which is known as Savile Place, and leads from Savile Row to Conduit Street. No. 1 is opposite, and is the smallest of the three, being about nine feet high, three feet deep, and ten feet long. The other two are twelve feet long, but no higher or deeper, and there is just room for Mr. Bochaton to be on one side of the counter while a single customer talks to him from the other side.

A CITY AND ITS BIRDS

Glasgow's Splendid Move

The Scottish branch of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds reports excellent progress towards the full protection of wild birds in that land.

The City of Glasgow, for instance, has agreed to secure a Protection Order safeguarding all wild birds and their eggs the whole year round within the area of the city.

The corporation is establishing sanctuaries in its parks, feeding tables, and bird baths, and the Royal Protection Society is asking that illustrated posters may show the birds which frequent the parks, and so develop public interest in them.

As in so many other things, Glasgow corporation is giving a good lead in appreciation of bird benefactors.

As regards the lapwing, one of the most useful yet most persecuted of birds in breeding time, fifteen Scottish counties have agreed to secure protection orders for the birds and their eggs all the year round.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 7

1925

Behind the Mascot

ONE of the greatest evils in the world is superstition. In the past it has burdened men with fear, cruelty, and folly. Yet still it is alive, and many people toy with it as if they loved it.

An example came the other day from Devonshire; another has now come from Burma. In the Devon case a man was sent to prison for attacking a woman *because she had bewitched his pig*; in the Burma case a British Governor who ordered a tribe to stop the sacrifice of human beings was met with the answer that if this was stopped the tribe would suffer dire plagues and misfortunes. Here are people still believing in these senseless ideas which caused infinite suffering in old days.

One of the first blessings civilisation brings is that it checks such monstrous superstitions as these, yet we see that the belief in witches is not entirely uprooted even in the midst of the highest civilisation.

In far too many ways the foolish superstitions of the past are being preserved today; charms, mascots, palmistry, the silly pretence of telling fortunes, are all a relic of the bad old days, and ought to be stopped. Among quite sensible people these ideas are too lightly encouraged, just as the belief in witchcraft is fostered by the priests or medicine men of savage races—that is, by the few clever men who deceive and control the many who are less clever.

Fear is the master passion of the ignorant. The native doctor holds the tribe in a state of blind dread. His magic is potent because it is wholly believed in. And this belief, with its accompanying traditions, lives on for generation after generation among simple and gullible people.

It is not many generations since witchcraft was acknowledged even by English law. It was widely believed in by good people because it is mentioned in the Bible. Of course it is mentioned there, for it was universally acknowledged in ancient times. But knowledge and fairness and that kindness and truth which we all learn from the Bible have revealed the falseness of it all, and have uprooted it, and the cruelties it brought in its train, among all educated people.

All reasonable people should remember the horror that passed away from the world when the belief in witchcraft perished, and should pledge themselves not to allow it to reappear under any form of foolishness. The use of mascots is nothing but a silly shadow of this evil thing. Every user of a mascot is playing lightly with an idea that has cruelly tortured mankind. Behind that mascot is one of the tragedies of the world.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Better and Better

WE are getting better and better. Fifty years ago the prison population was thirty thousand. Before the war it was seventeen thousand. Today it is ten thousand.

And tomorrow—?

The Optical Optimist

WE hope the day will never come to which an optimistic optician is looking forward. Because the rapid development of motoring has brought many eye troubles in its train he would like to see our roads painted green.

We love the green ways of the poet:

Green fields of England, wheresoe'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
One image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

But the green roads of the optician are quite another story.

Charles Kingsley Calls

IN our notes on Charles Kingsley the other day we quoted some of the verses of his breezy rhymed invitation to his friend Tom Hughes, inviting him to come a-holidaying in North Wales, and we wondered if it was written in the rectory at Eversley, in Hampshire, which Kingsley has made famous.

Our wonder has brought a very charming explanation of how the invitation was written, an explanation that may be trusted as true, for it is from one who knows, from one whose name is held in great esteem.

The verses were not written at Eversley. Tom Hughes—afterwards Judge Hughes—had left on his desk in the Temple a brief he had just started, and had gone out of his chambers, when his friend Charles Kingsley, up in town from Eversley, called.

Disappointed at missing him, and unable to wait, Kingsley first sketched on the brief a compelling-looking clenched fist, and then and there wrote, also on the brief, the poem from which our lines were quoted.

There could hardly be a happier illustration of the joyous relations between the two men, or of Kingsley's facility in general rhyme.

Un-English

IS there not something un-English in the story of the hunt in Hampshire in which a fox ran up a chimney flue? Having failed to smoke him out, the bricks were removed and the fox was then taken out and given to the hounds.

We are sorry for the fox, but more sorry still for those who gave him to the hounds.

We are reminded that somebody said 200 years ago that there are four kinds of people in the world—people who write, people who read, people who think, and fox-hunters.

The Brains of the G.P.O.

WE were delighted to see that the Post Office returned undelivered a letter addressed as a Cross Word puzzle. Surely a craze could hardly go farther than that.

We are quite sure the clever men of the G.P.O. could have solved the puzzle, but the brains of the Post Office are not the monopoly of every simpleton who likes to test them.

We would prefer that they were set to work to find out why it takes 24 hours to carry a letter 24 miles out of London, exactly twice as long as it took before the war.

Tip-Cat

A SPEAKER urges that we should get trade going. But we shall be sorry when it has gone.

It is a misfortune to drop aitches. But not a pronounced one.

LORD BIRKENHEAD would rather pay £50 than hear a classical concert.



PETER PUCK
WANTS
TO KNOW

Where his sparking
plug is when it is
missing

He cannot even bear to see Justice studying her scales.

A MAN who always gets to the top: A steeple-jack.

THE spending of leisure is a great problem. Another is how to get some.

A CORRESPONDENT asks why, when they can, men nearly always sit on the left side of a

bus. They must know it is not right.

WHEN money talks it counts.

AT Stanmore the other day a plane struck a tree. And then found it was not a plane tree.

THE Dumb Friends League has been quarrelling. Not dumb enough.

THE engine which ran up to the book-stall at Bath was probably wanting a new train of thought.

The Busiest Man of His Century

John Wesley died on March 2, 1791.

JOHN WESLEY, born as he was in 1703, and dying as he did in 1791, covers, as nearly as mortal man may, the whole of the eighteenth century, of which he was one of the most typical and certainly the most strenuous figures. He began his published Journal on October 14, 1735, and its last entry is under date Sunday, October 24, 1790. Between these two Octobers lies the most amazing record of human exertion ever penned or endured.

Four Lives Span a Nation's History

THERE was a birth and a death on the Mayflower, so that the famous little boat arrived at its journey's end with the same number of lives as it carried from Plymouth.

But what we are thinking about is the birth of that little child on that tossing boat in the midst of the roaring waves of the Atlantic. For that little child makes possible a remarkable statement we have lately come across.

Writing the other day to Yale University, an American citizen who was at Yale seventy years ago said:

I have argued cases before Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw, of Massachusetts, who died at the age of 85. He once said in my presence that he had talked with a man who had talked with Peregrine White, who was born on the Mayflower in 1620.

So that four lives span the whole history of the United States!

A Great Book's Birthday

On March 9, 1776, Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* was published.

IF books are to be measured by the effect they have produced on the fortunes of mankind, the *Wealth of Nations* must rank among the greatest of books. The book was published in 1776, at the opening of the American war, and studied by Pitt during his career as an undergraduate at Cambridge. From that time he owned Adam Smith for his master. He had hardly become Minister before he took the principles of the *Wealth of Nations* as the groundwork of his policy. Green

Probably the most important book that has ever been written, and certainly the most valuable contribution ever made by a single man towards establishing the principles on which government should be based. Buckle

Things Just Said

Waterloo Bridge is the most representative monument after St. Paul's.

Professor Lethaby

The race is far more important than the nation.

Dean Inge

In Oxford one gets wisdom, but in slums we get understanding.

Lord Astor

It is no difficult task to be friendly and kind to everybody.

Lord Hugh Cecil

I do not believe it would have been possible to carry on the industries of Europe without the gold from South Africa.

Lord Burnham

The restoration of agriculture is one of the foremost necessities.

The King

Like other old men, I lean to the conservative side.

The Primate

A jury has the advantage of not having to give reasons for its decision.

Lord Darling

Industries have not an independent existence. Other industries are dependent on them.

Mr. Lloyd George

It is impossible that the visible world can be the end and object of the artist's endeavour.

Principal, Royal College of Art

The greatest blunders in the world have been made by honest men.

Mr. Philip Snowden

POLAND'S FOXLEASE THE SCHOOL FOR GUIDES

How they Blessed the
Corner-Stone

LUTYK AND HIS SOVEREIGN

By an English Guide Commissioner

One of the County Commissioners of the Girl Guides, who has been travelling in Poland, sends us some notes on the school the Chief Guide of Poland and a few Polish Guides are building near Czorsztyn.

C.N. readers who have sent help to Madame Malkowska for this school will be glad to read this description of the blessing of the corner-stone.

The school is meant to be a Polish Foxlease—an international centre for Guides, and places are to be kept in the school for two C.N. readers at any time.

A Ceremony in the Rain

The Polish Foxlease is taking solid form now. It will be a school for small children in term time and for Guides in the holidays. Madame Malkowska, the Chief Guide of Poland, will be in charge of both. It stands on a rise above the Dunajec, facing south, with a lovely view, and the little village of Sromowce near by. The foundations are of grey stone, and the upper part will be wood.

On the day of the blessing of the corner-stone it rained in such torrents that the ceremony was an hour late. One by one the special guests failed, so we were alone with the Chief Guide and her Guides, and the workmen.

Blessing the Corner-Stone

The corner-stone is a real thing, the key and centre of the foundations, and in the hollow it is the custom to put the history of the house and a piece of gold. An illuminated parchment had on it the story of the house and the names of all who helped, and Lutyk, the small son of the Chief Guide, had given the golden sovereign his father gave him, the father who is with him no more. It was one of his rarest treasures, a souvenir of his lost daddie, and poor Lutyk had a fearful spasm of regret at the moment of parting with it.

The corner-stone in place, the men decorated it with bunches of flowers and little Christmas trees, hung with phlox and asters instead of shiny globes.

Far off a big umbrella of unique shape was seen slowly lurching toward us through the mud and up the steep, slippery slope; under it the gentle face of the old priest in his biretta and surplice trimmed with white lace, with an old black coat thrown round his shoulders. He was accompanied by a small attendant in the usual ragged dress of the infant mountaineers, a child with big blue eyes, carrying the large prayer-book and the old mop with the holy water.

The Small Boy's Big Umbrella

The old priest gave us the usual greeting, handed his coat to the builder-foreman, took off his biretta, and read the short service, while the small boy held the comical umbrella over his head. Then he took the holy water and threw it three times upon the foundations, handed the book and the mop to the small boy, and took the umbrella. Holding it up with both hands he gave us a short address, and the Chief Guide made a little speech. Then we turned and paddled back through the mud and the pouring rain, wet but happy, rejoicing that a dream was coming true.

The Polish Foxlease, as has already been explained in the C.N., is near Czorsztyn. From Czorsztyn castle, perched high on its wonderful rock, the eyes sweep the country round. How well they knew where to build in those far-off days, and how to use the living rock for their fortresses! This twelfth-century stronghold looks across the gorge and the swiftly-flowing river to another castle of the thirteenth century

THE GREATEST EVENT OF LAST YEAR?

FOR long years physicians have despaired of scarlet fever because the germ which causes it cannot be found.

After 13 years' work two Chicago physicians, Dr. Dick and his wife, have lately made the remarkable discovery that certain microbes associated with scarlet fever (if not the cause of it) could be used to make an antidote for it. The antidote is of the same nature, and made in a somewhat similar way to those for diphtheria, or tetanus, or plague. It is, in a word, a scarlet fever serum.

It can be used to prevent scarlet fever, and to help to cure it, so that

sufferers will escape the worst of the effects which follow the disease.

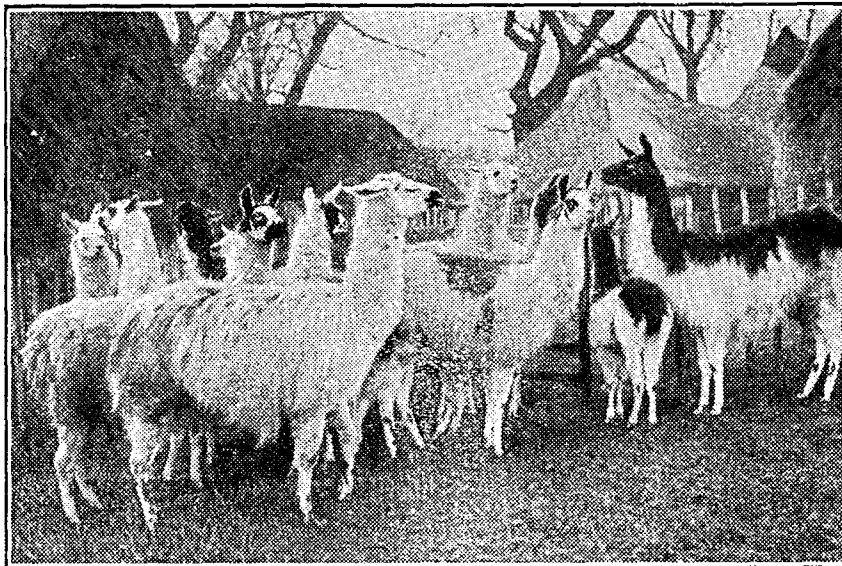
Last year it was said in America that this discovery would do more to make the year 1924 memorable than even the wonderful feats of flying (one of which for the first time circled the globe) or the dispatch of photographs by wireless, or the finding of a nebula a million light-years away.

The discovery has now had a year's trial in American hospitals, and so successful has it been that its discoverers are being recommended for one of the Nobel Prizes given for discoveries of the greatest benefit to mankind.

A LLAMA FARM IN ENGLAND



Taking out four of the llamas for exercise



A group of llamas on the farm

At Amptill, in Bedfordshire, there is a llama farm, where llamas are bred and sold to private owners all over the world. The changes in our climate make it rather difficult to rear these South American animals, but so far the farm has been very successful. The pictures above show some of the llamas

on the hill opposite. The eye delights in the dark pines and towering rocks, the glorious play of light and shade, the loveliness of the clouds, and the golden light of a late afternoon.

Reluctantly we turned away and climbed down the steep grassy slope. The Sun was getting very low, the dark clouds were edged with burning gold, and we were in the shadow of the hills, seeing the setting Sun kiss the proud castle with its parting rays. In the sunset the castle seemed no more a ruin and a place of evil deeds; it took once more a glamour of romance and pride.

Wonder and romance, the lure of fairy-land and legend, were alive and pulsing in this castle of the mountains. In the valley below runs the old road across the

mountains to Hungary. We seemed to see the phantoms of the old Polish kings go by, coming from the Turkish wars, with the national heroine, Queen Jadwiga, riding up to the castle gate. The valley was full of jingling bits, of prancing horses, of clashing arms and waving plumes. We can imagine the garrison straining their eyes for messengers from the distant battlefields.

Slowly the shadows creep up from the foot and the red fades away. The western sky is glorious with gold, but the castle is cold and grey. Its brief moment of life is gone; it is a battered ruin on a mountain crest once more. Yet in each sunset it lives again, for to those who once have seen the living past grey stones are never dead.

A HUNDRED THOUSAND HORSES REMARKABLE DISCOVERY The Horse-Eaters of Old Gaul HUNTERS OF 15,000 YEARS AGO

Something Sir Arthur Keith had to tell in reviewing the most recent discoveries about the most ancient men seems to throw light on a modern habit in some countries.

He spoke of the remains of the ancient hunters who lived in France and Belgium 15,000 years ago. Fields were few and there were not many who tilled them, for man lived on what he hunted, and when other beasts were scarce and hard to come by, man ate the horse. At Solutré, in mid-France, is a deeply-buried layer of the bones of a hundred thousand horses which the old hunters and their families fed on.

A Mystic Old Custom

To this day horseflesh is a common food in France and Belgium and some other countries of Europe; but it has never been a common food in England. Can it be that the horse-eating habit has been handed down through these thousands of years from the long-headed hunters of those days, while Britain was from the first peopled by the round-headed men of the newer Stone Age who tilled the soil and kept flocks and herds, eating these and not horses?

There is another fact disclosed by Sir Arthur Keith which might make one think so. It has usually been supposed that the long-headed hunters, the Cromagnon men as they are called, came first into Europe, and the farmers and flock-keepers thousands of years later. But underneath the great layer of horses has now been found the grave of a man and woman buried with their faces toward the west, according to that mystic old custom (of which none can tell the origin) which a modern poet has commemorated in the lines:

*There passed us a woman with the West in
her eyes,
And a man with his back to the East.*

The skulls of these two people of an unknown and forgotten race were not long-headed, but round.

The Age of Man

Therefore the round-heads were in Europe long before the time hitherto supposed. A gravestone was set above their bodies, so the man and woman now found must have been people of importance among the long-headed hunters. They could not have been of an inferior race or captives.

Where did they come from? Sir Arthur Keith says that the same kind of burial and headstone is still used by some of the tribes in Mediterranean Africa, not unlike the Berbers, or the Rifs, who are fighting Spain. It may be that these round-heads came from Africa; and if that were so, Professor Keith believes on other grounds that the Age of Man may be shorter than he has hitherto believed. Strange that one scientist should cut down the years since man's appearance on the Earth, while others, the astronomers, are making the Earth's age longer.

A NORWEGIAN HONOUR King Haakon and an Artist

Norwegian women are delighted with the honour just paid to one of their most distinguished representatives, Froken Harriet Backer.

Miss Backer is Norway's greatest woman painter, and King Haakon, always an admirer of artistic talent, has conferred on her the Order of Knighthood of St. Olav in recognition of her work, an exhibition of which is now being held at Oslo.

It is not the first time a Norwegian woman has been knighted. Three others have received the same distinction.

THE CHILDREN'S MAGNA CARTA DECLARATION OF RIGHT A Memorable Document Adopted by the League THE FIVE POINTS

How many of us realise the important place that has been given to children in the programme of the League of Nations? How many people know that the children of the world now have a Declaration of Right all to themselves?

That is a famous phrase in the history of human liberty. It was made by men against kings; now it is made by men and women on behalf of the child. The League Assembly has adopted a Declaration of the Rights of the Child.

Rights of the Child

The Declaration was first drawn up at Geneva nearly two years ago at a meeting of the International Association for the Protection of Children, and it is now adopted by the League of Nations as its own. It is known as the Declaration of Geneva. This is what it says:

Men and women of all nations, recognising that mankind owes to the child the best that it has to give, declare and accept it as their duty that, beyond and above all considerations of race, nationality, or creed:

1. The child must be given the means requisite for its normal development, both materially and spiritually.
2. The child that is hungry must be fed; the child that is sick must be nursed; the child that is backward must be helped; the delinquent child must be reclaimed; and the orphan and the waif must be sheltered and succoured.
3. The child must be the first to receive relief in times of distress.
4. The child must be put in a position to earn a livelihood and must be protected against every form of exploitation.
5. The child must be brought up in the consciousness that its talents must be devoted to the service of its fellow-men.

It is a noble resolve: how is it to be carried out? The backward nations who are sincere in their acceptance of the Declaration will look to the great nations for an example. They will find that much has been done—but how much more is left undone!

False Economies

For the credit of our country we must set ourselves to show that henceforth these principles find their fulfilment in our laws and administration, and in the customs of our people.

The Save the Children Fund, to whose energy this Declaration is greatly indebted, has secured the help of another society of British social workers, the National Council of Women, to draw up a Children's Charter for Great Britain, applying the principles of the Declaration. It contains 44 separate proposals, almost every one of which all good people would agree to be helpful and desirable. Many of them are being carried out in this place and that, as far as devoted bands of workers can find the money and the labour. Much is being done by the authorities, national and local. Much more would be done if Mr. Fisher's Education Act had not been largely held up by false economies.

We are pledged before the world by this Declaration at Geneva; we must see that the world does not look to us in vain to make good our word.

RED FOR DANGER

Why It is So

After several thousand tests the American Bureau of Standards announces that red is the logical colour for a danger signal, as it can be distinguished under any condition much more readily than any other.

NIAGARA WEARING ITSELF AWAY

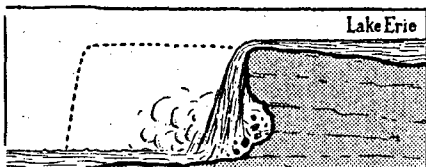
Moving Backward Every
Year

U.S.A. AND CANADA TO PRESERVE IT

Among the projects now being considered by the Governments of the United States and Canada for making best use of the waterways joining the Great Lakes of Canada, one for preserving the Niagara Falls takes a place.

In order to keep as much of the beauty of Niagara as possible, the amount of the river flow that can be used for water-power either by Canada or the United States is limited. Only one-quarter of it may be used.

Even with this precaution there is another cause acting to rob the Falls of their beauty in years to come. The edge of the Falls, cut away by the rushing water, is receding every year. It is receding faster towards the middle of the



How Niagara has been worn away

Falls, where an angle is made at Goat Island between the deep-curving American fall and the thinner but wider fringing Canadian fall.

This angle of the Falls contributes less to the beauty than other parts because it cannot be clearly seen; but it is just here that the current does its heaviest work in wearing away the edge of the descent. At the most seriously worn part the fall is going backwards at five feet a year, making a widening notch.

It is proposed, therefore, to sink a submerged dam above the notch, so as to divert the flow and arrest the wearing away; and in further support of this plan it is urged that from the dam might be derived new water-power without injuring the beauty of the Falls.

At the present moment the power which runs to waste over the Falls, and which moved even Lord Kelvin to speak of the continuous calamity of Niagara, is said to cost five shillings a minute for every spectator who gazes on it.

A FLOATING WAREHOUSE On a Concrete Raft

Where London climbs up from the river in Lower Thames Street there is a tall warehouse that floats on mud. It is not propped up on the river mud, as the palaces of Venice are supported on piles, or as Peter the Great raised his capital upon a swamp that was filled up with forest trees. The warehouse floats on a firmer foundation than either—on a raft of concrete.

The concrete raft as described not long ago by Dr. Oscar Faber to the Society of British Architects, is several feet thick, and rests on the black mud; and it refuses to sink more than the expected few inches, or to tilt or move sideways at all. The more weight put on it the firmer is its settlement.

Six storeys were put up on this foundation, much to the alarm of the builder, who was always expecting that something terrible would happen, and who wrote letters of protest to the architect to say so. But nothing ever did happen, and a year after the warehouse was finished the most careful measurements failed to find the slightest movement.

At Marlborough and Harrow buildings have been floated on concrete rafts in the same way; but the weightiest examples of buildings floating thus on concrete rafts are in Shanghai, by the sandy banks of the Yangtse River.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Last year ten more apples per head were eaten in England than in 1923.

Of 299,927 British Civil Servants 141,730 are ex-service men.

From 1917 to the end of March this year England will have spent about 600 million pounds in war pensions.

A wolf was killed the other day in France near Boulogne, where no wolves had been seen for more than 40 years.

Spain's Capital

The population of Madrid and its suburbs is now 1,200,000.

From the Mammoth's World

A Lowestoft smack, while trawling in the North Sea, brought up a portion of a mammoth's tusk.

The Peril in the Mine

There were nearly 1300 deaths from mining disasters in England last year, a hundred less than the year before.

America's Wealth

At the end of last year the national wealth of the United States was estimated at 64 thousand million pounds.

Age Shows the Way to Youth

A Nottinghamshire carpenter, now 88 years old, has just made a 16-rung ladder in one day.

Something New in a Street

One of the steepest streets in the French seaport of Havre is to have an escalator instead of the pathway.

Sydney's Million

Sydney, the capital of New South Wales and the biggest Australian city, has now over 1,000,000 people.

A Thick Coal Seam

One of the world's thickest coal seams is being developed in Queensland. It is 93 feet from top to bottom.

United South Africa

Lord Burnham, who has been to South Africa, believes there are more factors which will tend to keep the Union together than to break it apart.

The Dustcart in the Strand

There have been many complaints lately of the nuisance of the Westminster City Council's dustcarts in the Strand at ten o'clock in the morning.

A New Chess Record

The world's chess record has been broken by Ricardo Reti at Brazil. Playing 29 games simultaneously for 11 hours, he won 21, drew 6, and lost 2.

The Concrete Floors of Wembley

The Engineer of Wembley, describing the buildings, has stated that in some of the big halls an extra half-inch of concrete on the floor meant a cost of £10,000.

Old Bible Cities

A Yale University professor who has just returned after an expedition to find the buried cities of Sodom and Gomorrah believes that these cities lie under the Dead Sea.

Moose Takes a Man Canoeing

A fur trader in Northern Quebec has a pet moose which takes him for a ride in his canoe. He ties a light rope to each antler and holds on while the creature swims across the lake.

Sugar from Artichokes

One of the excellent scientific departments of the United States Government has discovered a process whereby exceptionally sweet sugar can be extracted from artichokes.

Death of a Rare Bird

We hear from the Mayor of Blackpool that the northern diver captured in the town, and housed in the public aviary, has died. It is said that it was housed in the aviary from motives of kindness.

Making a Dog Ridiculous

There were 8033 dogs, valued at £150,000, at the dog show at the Agricultural Hall, London, the other day. The smallest was a spaniel weighing 19 ounces, made to look ridiculous by its mistress, who dressed it in a jumper and a green tie.

THE RED INDIAN AND HIS HUT

Uninvited Guests in
Darien

A PANAMA ADVENTURE

An adventure two naturalists met with lately at Darien in Panama throws an amusing light on some of the small difficulties besetting explorers in the jungle.

After cutting their way for three days through the dense bush on the banks of a river, two American scientists from the New York Museum of Natural History arrived at an old and seemingly deserted village called Tacarcuna. There they decided to pitch their camp, as their guide had told them they might use a tumble-down hut with an overgrown garden.

Several days later the packers all went back down the river, the scientists being left, as they believed, alone in the forest. But late one afternoon, as they sat preparing their specimens, they were startled by hearing voices. A small party of half-naked Indians (two men, two women, some children, and a dog) filed out of the jungle.

The Innocent House-Breakers

The Indians seemed as much surprised at the meeting as the white men, who tried in vain to make out their language. Then one of the women began to cry out in dismay at the sight of the new state of affairs at Tacarcuna, especially as, before leaving, the packers had torn out part of the side of the hut to let in more light. It suddenly dawned on the scientists that these Indians were the real owners of the place! The Americans had become, innocently, a sort of scientific house-breaking party!

The scientists were able to make the Indians understand that they were there by the authority of their chief, but this did not succeed in quelling their resentment. That night, and for several more nights, both parties occupied a corner of the hut, each keeping a sharp watch on the other.

Fortunately in a few days the packers came back, and one of them knew enough of the language to explain the situation to the chief Indian, and matters were arranged in a friendly way.

A BRIDGE FOR A SLUM

Sydney Harbour Story

BOLD PROPHECY FULFILLED

Sydney Bridge in New South Wales will span the deep waters of the beautiful harbour in 1930, just fifty years after Sir Henry Parkes, the Father of Australia, first proposed it.

It has been almost forgotten that he was the father of the bridge as well, but it was part of his great scheme for abolishing Sydney's slums. When he stood for election to the New South Wales Parliament he made the bridge part of his platform; and in his address to the electors he bade them stand beside him like Horatius and his companions on the bridge at Rome, slightly altering Macaulay's words:

In that straight path a thousand
May cross as soon as three;
Now who will stand at my right hand
And build the bridge with me?
Out spoke the bold electors:
"Four thousand strong are we,
We'll all abide on every side,
And build the bridge with thee."

It has taken the electors half a century to keep the whole of the promise in Sir Henry's hopeful prophecy, though they returned him immediately at the head of the poll.

The bridge was his way of clearing a slum, and we are sure the great city of Sydney will be prouder of its bridge than of its slum.

Will the L.C.C. please copy by clearing a slum on the south of the Thames, and giving us a new bridge in its place?

March 7, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

9

YOUNG AUSTRALIA COMES TO TOWN

EDUCATION BY TRAVEL

Commonwealth Boys See Our
Famous Landmarks

FINE NATIONAL MOVEMENT

From all the States of Australia except Tasmania, from school, office, and workshop, 140 sturdy young cadets have come to London Town to see the sights and learn at first hand the history of the Empire.

They are making a ten-week tour of France, Switzerland, and Italy, and then they will come back at the beginning of April, and spend another two months in the English countryside.

How the League Started

Such upstanding, tall, lithe, and alive young spirits, in their smart uniforms, with their band of 30 instrumentalists, led by Geoffrey Byrne, the drum-major, who is only 3 ft. 8 in., and carries himself like a giant. Geoffrey is only 12, so that he has time to grow.

Mr. J. J. Simons, founder of the Young Australia League and leader of the tour, told the C.N. about it. Mr. Simons is a newspaper proprietor, and last autumn he saw his dearest ambition realised in the opening of a headquarters building for the League in Perth, the capital of Western Australia, where 19 years ago he laid the foundations of this splendidly successful movement.

The building cost £30,000, and a great deal of the money was raised by the boys themselves, who gave band concerts and entertainments all over Australia. But it was due to the work of men like Mr. Simons and his colleague, Mr. E. R. Marie, the general secretary, that the movement has reached its present importance.

Proud to be British

"This is our third tour to Europe," Mr. Simons said, "and it is the biggest party of Australians, apart from soldiers, that has ever gone abroad."

"Our boys come from all parts, without distinction of class, religion, or other barriers. We are not an official organisation, though the Government recognises us; and we are not a military organisation, though our discipline is on semi-military lines."

"And what an education it has been, from the first sight the boys had of the shores of Ceylon to the moment when they landed at Southampton, that ancient town filled with the breath of history, and marched through the old Bar Gate, with bands playing and colours flying!"

"Then the green and pleasant Hampshire countryside, and after that, London! The bells of St. Clement's, the stones of Cheapside, where Dick Whittington trod; Guildhall, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the Houses of Parliament. It was one long ecstatic thrill to these boys who were seeing for the first time the famous landmarks of which they had read so often. It made them more proud of being British than they could express."

The C.N. in Australia

"It is that sense we hope to foster in our League. Already we have taken 4000 boys on our tours, not many out of Australia, but that will come. We have only one law which is never broken twice, and that is about smoking and drinking. If a boy does either of these things it means automatic expulsion."

"We are looking forward to the visit to Mussolini, who is most keenly interested in any movement of youth. And to our well-wishers of the C.N., which is so widely known in Australia, we send greetings and thanks."

The C.N. chatted with three typical members of the League: Don Walker, of Claremont, Western Australia, who is

VITAL STATISTICS IN THE OYSTER WORLD

NOTABLE EXPERIMENTS

How a Doctor Saved a Hundred
Thousand Babies

A BIG INDUSTRY

An oyster produces hundreds of thousands of eggs, and sometimes nearly two millions, during the breeding season, from May to September.

The eggs are hatched in the form of larvae, which are only about a hundred-and-fiftieth of an inch long. For a little while these larvae swim about in the water, and it is here that nearly all of them come to a swift end.

We do not know how long the larvae remain near the surface of the water, but they have been found five miles from their place of birth before they sank to the bottom of the sea. This is called the "fall of spat," spat being the name given to the oyster larvae.

What Myolysis Means

On the sea bottom they attach themselves to shells, stones, or rocks, and swiftly become minute oysters. They grow about an inch a year until three years old, and then the rate of growth becomes slower. They are adult at from seven to ten, and possibly do not live longer than twenty years.

The oyster industry is important. The largest producer is the United States, but our Whitstable oysters are considered the finest. In 1920 there was an unusually high rate of mortality in our oyster beds. A special inquiry was held by Dr. Orton, and a Government report was issued.

Unfortunately, the report is more definite as to what did not cause the depletion than as to what did. Dumping of munitions, weather vagaries, and poisoning have been largely ruled out, and the main reason given is that the oysters were suffering from myolysis. Myolysis means muscular degeneration. Perhaps oysters, too, sometimes work too hard or play too long and suffer for it as humans do!

Breeding Oysters on Tiles

Dr. Dodgson, who has been experimenting with oysters kept in tanks at Conway, collected the spat on slates, and they developed so speedily that the next year he intended collecting them on tiles from France, specially prepared with lime. These tiles arrived too late and much of the spat was lost.

Hitherto it has been difficult to discover what to feed the larvae on; but Dr. Dodgson hopes that he has solved this problem. If this is so it may mean a great increase in our future oyster production, for in Dr. Dodgson's most successful breeding season he kept alive 100,000 oyster babies out of a million.

The French have used limed tiles in oyster culture for nearly fifty years. The lime being soft, the oysters can be detached from it without being hurt when it becomes necessary to move them into boxes or shallow ponds, where they are left to grow until they are large enough to be put into the sea.

Continued from the previous column

19; Harry Harrison, of Hawthorn, Victoria, who is 16; and Lou McDermott, of Glen Iris, Melbourne, who is 14.

Don Walker got leave from work to come on this trip, and the others got a holiday from school. "Fine, fine!" they kept on saying. "We don't know what to talk about first."

Harry Harrison remembered with delight how the municipality received the boys at Colombo. Don was struck by the kindness and friendly spirit of their fellow passengers on board the Jervis Bay, the Australian Commonwealth liner of 13,850 tons.

Lou McDermott thought it splendid of the captain to take them so near the coasts of Algeria, Malta, southern Spain, and Gibraltar, so that they could see what these lands looked like.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

What Does the Term Mosso Mean in Music?

It is an Italian word, and means movement, motion.

What are the Little Auk's Eggs Like?

They are rather larger than a pigeon's and of a uniform pale blue colour.

Is A a Word?

Certainly it is, when used as a distinguishing adjective, as in "a boy," "a man," and so on; and also when used as a noun, as in the phrase "the A in the alphabet."

What Do the Christian Names Reginald, Alan, and Lilian Mean?

Reginald means powerful judgment; Alan means cheerful; and Lilian is another form of Lily, meaning purity.

Do the Small Stars Get Their Light from the Sun?

No; it is the planets and satellites of our Solar System that get their light from the Sun. The stars all shine by their own light, being themselves fiery or glowing suns.

What is Meant by Salop?

Salop is another name for Shropshire. It is an abbreviation of Salopesbury, which is supposed to be the nearest the Normans could come in pronunciation to Scrobbsbury, the old name for Shrewsbury, which means burgh or castle among the shrubs.

Why are Counties Divided Into Hundreds?

This division, said to have been carried out by Alfred the Great, is a relic of the time when our Anglo-Saxon forefathers were grouped as warriors in hundreds, and no doubt the first hundreds were the territories given to, or occupied by, a hundred warriors.

What is the Difference Between a Cuttlefish and an Octopus?

Both are members of the class Cephalopoda and are molluscs, but while the cuttlefishes are broad, flat creatures with ten sucker-studded arms, the octopuses have rounded bodies with only eight arms.

What Minerals Make Water Reddish and Oily?

Iron minerals such as spathic iron-ore, haematite, and so on, make water brownish-red in colour, but no mineral makes water oily. Any oil in water must be due to other causes.

Do Two Persons See the Same Rainbow?

No; two persons cannot see the same rainbow. A rainbow is merely the sunlight broken up into the colours of the spectrum and reflected back to the eye by raindrops, and naturally no two people see this done by exactly the same set of raindrops.

What Causes Ocean Currents?

The chief cause is the prevailing winds, but the movements of the currents are also somewhat affected by the rotation of the Earth, evaporation and precipitation, temperature inequalities, differences in atmospheric pressure, and changes in the extent of the polar ice caps.

Can an Olive Branch be Grafted Into a Grape Vine?

No; but an olive tree to be fruitful must be grafted with an olive and then it does not bear fruit for three or four years more. Paul refers to the grafting of olive trees in the eleventh chapter of his Epistle to the Romans.

What is the Difference Between Salary and Wages?

Very little; the meaning of wages is an amount paid periodically for the time during which a worker is at his employer's disposal, and salary is practically the same thing though in usage it has come to be used for a fixed periodical payment to a person doing other than manual work.

Why is September not the Seventh Month?

September, October, November, and December, mean the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth months, but they are actually the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth. The reason is that after they were named two other months named after Julius Caesar and Augustus, July and August, were inserted before September.

How is Hail Formed?

The formation of hail is not fully understood, but in some cases hailstones are apparently drops of rain that have been suddenly congealed by falling through a cold layer of atmosphere. In other cases they are supposed to be raindrops which have been carried up into colder regions of the atmosphere by strong currents of air. Such action may occur several times in succession, giving rise to the concentric structure so often seen in hailstones.

A MAGNIFICENT STAR CLUSTER

VISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE

Little Patch of Light that is a
Great Gathering of Suns

FESTOONS OF COLOUR

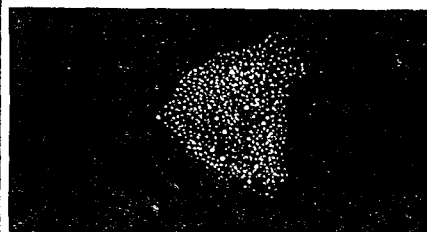
By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Any clear and dark night during the next few weeks will allow observers to get a glimpse of one of the glories of the far distant heavens.

This is the magnificent star cluster known as Messier 35—from its number in the Catalogue of the famous astronomer Messier. The situation of this colossal assemblage of stars was indicated in last week's star map of Gemini.

On a good starlight night, in the absence of the Moon or many artificial lights, the star cluster may be just perceived with the naked eye as a misty patch of light above and to the right of Eta and Mu. Just now it is due south about 7 p.m., but may be observed till midnight, high in the south-west.

This small patch of light is seen to be a superb congregation of suns, when viewed through a telescope, a powerful



Messier 35, the star cluster in Gemini

one revealing nearly 700 in an area of the sky somewhat smaller than that covered by a full Moon. This gives us an idea of how closely they appear to be packed, though many thousands of millions of miles separate one from another.

Good field glasses will greatly help us to find this misty blaze of light. First direct the glasses to the bright stars Eta and Mu, and from these two streams of smaller stars will be seen, curving upward toward the right, in almost parallel lines. Between these lines and near the end of the upper curve will be found this magnificent cluster of suns.

A powerful telescope will transform the scene into one of gorgeous splendour, hundreds of immense suns arranged in curves and festoons of varied colours and magnitudes. An eminent astronomer, Admiral W. H. Smyth, once said it reminded him of the bursting of a sky rocket.

Triangle of Suns

The stars range from the ninth to the sixteenth magnitude and appear arranged roughly in the form of a triangle, as shown. Many spiral curves are obvious, which impels one to believe that we have here the product of a Spiral Nebula, which, after the lapse of incalculable ages, has evolved into this marvellous universe of suns. The varied colours of the stars show them to be of different ages and at different stages of stellar evolution, making the existence of myriads of worlds beyond all question.

Moreover, knowing as we do that that vast concourse is composed of the same elements that compose our Sun, our Earth, and even ourselves, and that the same Natural Laws are operating there also, it becomes impossible to doubt that there are beings, more or less like ourselves, living in those remote depths. But they are depths from which our world is utterly invisible, and our Sun almost so, even with the most powerful telescopic aid, the whole Solar System being lost amid the great galactic stream of hundreds of millions of glowing suns.

G. F. M.

Other Worlds. In the morning, Jupiter in the south-east; Saturn south. In the evening, Mars in the west.

THE WIZARD OF KANDARA

A Story of Adventure
in Wildest Africa

Told by Major
Charles Gilson

CHAPTER 19 The Shut Door

ELATED at his success, Neil fired four shots in quick succession, emptying the chambers of his revolver and reloading in haste.

It was quite clear to him that his enemies, with the sole exception of Punhri, had no other idea but to make good their escape. Knowing that there was but one exit open to them—the subterranean passage by which they had come—they jostled and shouldered one another in their eagerness to get out of danger; and although Punhri, livid with wrath, loudly abused them for the cowards they were, within a few seconds the High Priest was left alone with no more than three followers.

Knowing that everything depended on the success of this night's work, and that the sound of the firing would certainly awaken everyone within the central building—even if it were not heard by the Bodyguard at the gates—the man hurled himself in a kind of frenzy at the door of the Queen's apartments, and strove to burst it open.

But not all his strength could move it the fraction of an inch.

And, in the meantime, Neil had seen a chance that he had never hoped for. If the Queen were to be saved, the boy must have the assistance of both Tremayne and John Fountain—who would be armed with his revolver.

Keeping under cover of the marble pillars that surrounded the great room, Neil crossed to the door that communicated with the chamber from which he had escaped. When he gained this, he could hear his friends on the other side, endeavouring in vain to force the door.

Desperately Neil wrenched at the handle, and immediately recognised Fountain's voice.

"Is that you, Neil?" he cried. "Stand clear of the door!" the boy answered. "I'll shoot the lock in."

He waited an instant for Tremayne and Fountain to get out of danger, then he peppered the woodwork around the lock with the contents of his revolver-chambers.

"Stand clear on your side!" cried Fountain. "I'll finish the job."

Neil moved aside in the nick of time, reloading while Fountain splintered the woodwork with five shots in the pattern of a semi-circle round the lock.

Tremayne, snatching up the hunter's rifle, dealt the door a smashing blow with the butt-end. The woodwork being already broken, the entire lock with its hasp was driven out of the door; and on the instant Henry Tremayne and Fountain stepped into the Room of the Bath.

For an instant they stood regarding Punhri, who was still before the door that led to the Queen's apartments. At that moment the destiny of Kandara was in the scales. Had John Fountain's revolver been loaded, he might have shot the man then and there, and there is little doubt that he would have done so. Neil hesitated to fire; for he thought the man was at their mercy, and he had no liking for the work of what looked like killing a man in cold blood.

Punhri stood motionless, irresolute, his long fingers playing in his black beard. He realised then that he was foiled. Deserted by his followers—for now, even the three who had remained staunch to him had fled—and unable to break into the Queen's rooms, he knew not what to do.

And then, the very door through which he desired to pass, on a sudden and very slowly—as it were, on its own accord—was opened before the eyes of the astonished Englishmen. And there

on the threshold stood Didorian, the Queen's lady-in-waiting.

Beyond her was a corridor, brilliantly illumined by several hanging lamps; and at the far end of this could be seen the white faces of terrified women, who stood together with clasped hands and parted lips.

Didorian had been guilty of a folly that all but cost Zarasis her life. For all that, she was the only one of the Queen's attendants who had had the courage to go and find out the cause of the disturbance.

She had opened the door no more than a few inches, when, seeing the High Priest, she gave vent to a quick cry of alarm and tried to close it again.

But Punhri, as quick as thought, thrust a foot between the door itself and the jamb. And then, with a loud cry of triumph, he struck Didorian a cowardly blow that sent her staggering backward; a moment after he was in the corridor itself and had closed the door with a slam, before either Fountain or Neil could fire.

Tremayne was the first to cross the room, to hurl himself at the door. Wrenching at the handle, he turned to his companions in despair.

"It's locked!" said he. "It's locked from the inner side!"

"Didorian must have had the key," cried Fountain.

Tremayne could not at once grasp the truth of it. Then, the full significance of the calamity burst on his brain as if he had received a blow.

"Punhri will murder her!" he cried. "Not without a reason has he ordered the soothsayers to predict this very night the death of Queen Zarasis."

"If any harm befall her," Fountain answered, between his clenched teeth, "then Punhri will not live another day. I swear it on my life."

Tremayne was a strong man; but he was now so shaken and distressed that he trembled visibly.

"I love the Queen," he cried. "Somehow we must save her!"

And again he hurled his weight against the door.

Henry Tremayne was like a madman. Clothed as he was in his lion's skin, he was like some savage, wounded beast. One of his shoulders was quite bare; and his great muscles could be seen, working like those of a cart-horse that strains at a heavy load, as in desperation he strove to break open the door.

Finally, he fell back exhausted, panting from loss of breath.

"It's no good!" he cried. "This door is even stronger than the other. And the Queen is within, at the mercy of that villain!"

"We must find a way," cried Fountain, a clenched fist beating the air as a runner will often do. "But it's touch and go! There's no time to lose; not a second!"

Neil hastened to the double doors that communicated with the passage that led to the courtyard.

"We must find Dario!" he cried. "He will find some means of breaking in."

CHAPTER 20 The Evil Eye

BUT these doors were locked. Dario, as we know, was locked out. And no sooner was Fountain made aware of this than he rushed to one of the windows, that faced the main gate of the Palace.

"There is fighting in the streets!" he cried.

"You may depend upon it that, finding it impossible to enter the Palace, Dario has sallied forth, resolved to fight his way out, and to enter by the subterranean passage through which Punhri must have come."

In a flash of inspiration he had guessed what had happened. But the danger was as great as ever. It would take Dario time to reach the outer wall of the city, and during those eventful minutes the life of Queen Zarasis was in jeopardy.

For the High Priest, though alone, was already with the Queen and the ladies of her court. Though he himself was caught like a rat in a trap, there could be little doubt that, driven desperate, he would not hesitate to carry out the crime he intended.

It was Didorian who afterwards told the story of what happened in the royal apartments during those breathless moments. Punhri was outwardly calm, though his eyes glittered like those of a reptile. The Queen stood at her full height, regarding the Sorcerer as a terrified bird might observe the movements of a snake.

The High Priest saluted her, and smiled. "It is rumoured in the city," he declared, "that Queen Zarasis is bewitched."

Straightening her arms, and clenching her fists, she drew even nearer to the man, and seemed to be trembling in every limb.

"It is a lie!" she cried.

"I have come here, O Queen," said Punhri, "to save thee, if I can, from the evil spirits of which Zarasis is possessed."

"Restore me to my friends," she took him up. "Then, and then only will I believe that you are not my enemy."

He held his naked sword. He might have killed her then and there, but before so many witnesses he did not dare to show his hand. He was resolved that she should kill herself.

He raised his hands before her face, and made several passes, very slowly, with his eyes still fixed on hers.

Shrinking away from him, she was seen to tremble even more violently. And then it was as if she had received some kind of electric shock; for a shudder left her rigid, while her eyes looked dazed and staring.

"Within my heart," said the Queen, "is an evil thing."

Punhri smiled. She had spoken in the voice of one who dreamed.

"Cast it out!" he cried. "For the sake of Kandara, I beseech thee slay this evil thing—that it may harm thee no more."

He leaned a little toward her; and this gave her the chance he wanted. She was not master of herself. She did no more than obey the Sorcerer's unspoken commands. As quick as thought she snatched the bejewelled dagger from his belt.

Punhri sprang backward, feigning astonishment. He had willed

this woman to take her own life with her own hands in the presence of witnesses who could never fasten the guilt upon himself. Of hypnotism they knew nothing; they believed in sorcery and witchcraft.

With the dagger in her hand, Zarasis looked at Punhri.

"Thus does Zarasis offer her soul to the gods of her forefathers, the gods of ancient Egypt!" she declared. "Thus does she drive forth the demon that would rule her every action!"

She made as if she would plunge the dagger into her heart; but at that moment, Didorian rushed forward.

She grasped the Queen's wrist, but failed to hold it. Zarasis, at that moment, was possessed of more than her natural strength. The dagger fell; but Didorian had turned the blow aside. The sharp blade, instead of entering the Queen's heart, gashed her shoulder.

She sank upon the marble floor, and there lay motionless, while a pool of blood spread in the midst of the black tresses of her hair.

Punhri threw out his arms. Once again there was a smile upon his face. "The will of the gods be done!" he cried.

There came a crash that was deafening. A loud report like the bursting of a bomb. Overwrought, unnerved, those of the women who had now approached the prostrate figure of the Queen drew back in terror. Even Punhri was seen to start. He whipped round like a wolf at bay, his long sword gleaming in his hand. Punhri found himself confronted by Henry Tremayne, who was followed by Neil Ranson and Fountain. The other two were armed; Tremayne, in his haste to save the Queen, had thrust himself in front of them, when they had broken in the door.

This they had done by using as a battering-ram one of the earthenware vases, in which palms were growing in the Room of the Bath. Using all their strength, the three of them had been able to carry one of the smaller trees; while the great weight of the earth around the roots had been enough to smash in the door at the first attempt.

When Punhri set eyes upon Tremayne, he let out an oath—for this was the one man in all the kingdom whom above all others he hated.

Dario he had always despised, though he feared him; but the High Priest had long regarded the tall, broad-shouldered Englishman not only as a rival, but as one who threatened to overthrow his power and influence.

For once Punhri lost possession of his senses. No longer crafty and calculating, he acted like a madman, rushing blindly at his adversary, whom he endeavoured to strike down with his sword.

Tremayne, quick as a tiger, grasped the man's wrist, and wrenched the sword from Punhri's hand. The High Priest, finding himself disarmed, sprang backward, retreating to the inner room where stood the Queen's attendants.

Either Neil or Fountain might have killed him then, had they ventured to fire. But Tremayne was in front of them; and there was a chance that a bullet might whistle past the High Priest and strike one of the women in the inner room.

And then it was that Punhri seized his only chance. Knowing that there was no way of escape for him, except along the passage that led to the Room of the Bath, one after the other he dashed the oil lanterns that illumined the Queen's apartments to the ground.

The three Englishmen were unable to intervene, nor could they fire, for Punhri was in the midst of the Queen's women, who were terrified of the man.

Wearing the long robe of his office, he flew here and there like one bereft of reason, until the whole place was plunged in darkness.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Learned King

MORE than a thousand years ago a boy was born in Berkshire who was to become one of England's great national heroes, a hero almost unique in the world's history, for everything said about him is good, and there has never been against his name a breath of scandal or a suggestion of wrong or meanness.

He was the son of a king and the brother of kings, and he himself also became a king, and is regarded by many as the founder of the British Navy.

When quite young he visited Rome, and probably stayed there for a year or two. Then he came back and began to study in an age when not very many people were scholars. His mother offered a prize to whichever of her sons should learn to read first, and this boy won it; and the love of scholarship which he then showed continued throughout his life.

He encouraged scholars to settle in his kingdom, collected the best laws of his predecessors and enforced them, and carefully divided his day so as to devote the whole of his waking hours to good purposes—study, devotion, and the welfare of his people. Although he suffered much in health, his life was one long round of work.

He was generous, and is said to have sent alms not only to the needy in his own kingdom and on the Continent of Europe, but even to India. He translated good books into his native tongue and became the first great patron of learning in England.

Yet he was no mere indoor student. There has never been in the country's history a finer man of action. A cruel enemy had invaded his native land before he came to the throne, and for a time he was a refugee with his people. But by sheer ability and force of example he inspired them with brave and patriotic enthusiasm, and leading them triumphantly to battle again and again, defeated the invaders and saved the country from falling entirely into their hands. It was largely by means of his fleet that he triumphed.

He became the true father of his people, and a learned biographer says he comes as near to perfection as any man whose life is recorded. He is said never to have been without a little notebook in which he wrote down records of memorable conversations and incidents, and as soon as one book was filled he would begin another.

There were no clocks in those days, and the King used to measure the hours by the burning of a candle. His was an amazing life of activity and good works, for although when he died he was only 52, he had fought 56 battles by sea and land. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



FREE

LOVELY COLOURED PLATE

Showing Tiger Tilly and the other Jolly "girls" of Mrs. Hippo's school

Inside every copy of this week's

PLAYBOX

The Splendid COLOURED Paper

Now on Sale 2d.

March 7, 1926

The Children's Newspaper

11



The Crocus Hoards the Sunset Gold for You



DI MERRYMAN

FIVE-YEAR-OLD John did not want to take his medicine.

"Come, now," said his mother, in a persuasive tone, "please take your medicine for my sake. You know I would do anything for you."

"Would you really, Mother?" asked John.

"Of course I would, dear."

"Then will you take my medicine for me, please?"

A Charade

MY first refers not to the past,
Though now it will appear;
And for my next I pray you fix
Your kind attention here.
To view my whole you'd hardly try,
Since nowhere will it meet the eye.

Solution next week

Is Your Name Tickell?

THIS is, according to Dr. Weekley, the expert in nomenclature, derived from Tickhill, in Yorkshire, the h being dropped in spelling and pronunciation.

Tickhill, the place, means the hill of the dog, or possibly the hill of Tichel, some unknown man.

WHAT trade is it whose best works are trampled underfoot?
That of a shoemaker.

All Change

A CONCEITED young man said to a famous singer:

"You have heard me sing, sir; do you think I shall ever do anything with my voice?"

"Certainly," was the reply, "if you become a railway porter."

Result of the Painting Contest

THE first prize of £1 in the painting contest described in the C.N. for February 7 has been awarded to A. Doris Evans, Eastdowne, Newton, Mumbles, Glamorgan; and the five prizes of 2s. 6d. each to Neville Bate, Patricroft; M. L. Eason, Chagford, Devon; Antonia Hardup, Clapham Common, London; Phyllis Oldham, Overley, Salop; and Joan Thompstone, La Ferrière, Jersey.

Here is another painting contest open to all readers. The Editor will give a first prize of £1 and five other prizes of 2s. 6d. each to the readers who paint this weather picture for March best.

The picture must be pasted on a postcard, and should be addressed to C.N. Painting, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4, and be posted to arrive by March 16. Under the picture write: "In this contest I agree to accept the Editor's decision as final," and add your name and address.

WHY is a girl mending her stockings an extraordinary sight?
Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.

The Safety First Alphabet



Q IS the Question you ask every minute,
Get clear of the traffic before you begin it.



R IS for refuge you find in the Strand—
An island of concrete surrounded by land.

Two Bad Habits

FIRST Man: "Jones is a clever worker, but rather dilatory."
Second Man: "Yes; and also he is inclined to put off till tomorrow things that should be done today."

WHAT are the most difficult ships to conquer? Hardships.

The Two Nines

A THIRD of six behind them fix,
A third of six before;
This makes two nines when all combines
Exactly fifty-four. Solution next week

Putting It Mildly

THE hippo inquired with a shout,
"Just suppose, when you're crawling about,
I should tread on your tail?"
"In that case," said the snail,
"I'd be needing First Aid, without doubt!"

ON which side of a jug should the handle always be?
On the outside.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

The Two Americans
The two Americans were husband and wife, so that the man was the father of his wife's son.

Two Great Englishmen. Drake, Cromwell

Jacko Goes Fishing

ONE day Mr. Jacko appeared in a weird and wonderful costume. He had found an old waterproof cape and a funny-looking cap; and what with his thick muffler and heavy boots, Mrs. Jacko said she was sure he looked for all the world like a deep-sea fisherman. "And you're not far wrong, my dear," said Mr. Jacko, with a pleased smile. "I did think of seeing what I could find in the river this afternoon."

Of course, Jacko was up like a shot. There was nothing he liked better than a day's fishing.

Mr. Jacko didn't seem exactly keen on his company, however. He said Jacko would make a noise and scare the fish.

"And probably end by falling in," he added, grimly.

But when he found how much there was to carry he rather changed his mind! And, a few minutes later, Jacko set off with his father, proudly carrying a basket and two camp-stools, while Mr. Jacko stalked along, looking equally pleased with himself, with his fishing-rod.

Mrs. Jacko asked them to bring her back a nice fish for supper. She wished them good luck, and said she hoped they would have a pleasant day.

"Though what pleasure there can be in standing about all day on the wet grass, I don't know," she added. "I wonder you don't take your death of cold."

When they got to the river, Mr. Jacko settled himself on his camp-stool, and told Jacko he wasn't to make a sound.

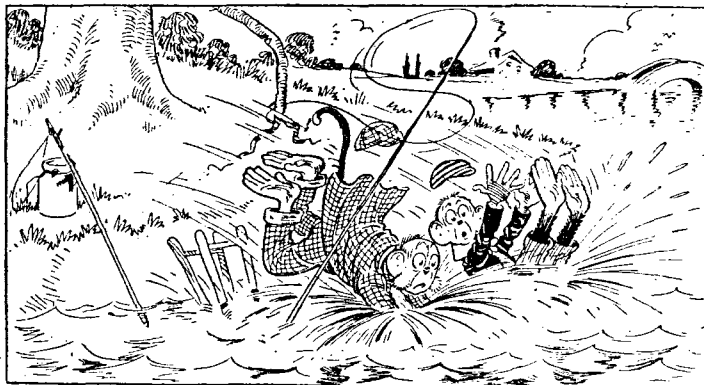
He was very annoyed when, a few minutes later, Jacko produced a big jam jar tied on to a stick.

"What's that for?" asked Mr. Jacko, testily.

"I'm going after tiddlers," said Jacko, with a grin.

Mr. Jacko was furious.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," he shouted. "How do



They both rolled down the bank into the river

you think I'm to catch any fish if you splash about and frighten them all away?"

Jacko put the jar away sadly. His day's fishing was not turning out so well as he had expected.

And he was so bored that he hardly smiled when Mr. Jacko caught his line in an overhanging branch, and got very red in the face about it!

But when the line refused to work itself free, Jacko saw the chance of some fun. He scrambled up the tree and worked his way along the branch to where the line was caught.

Mr. Jacko watched from below anxiously.

"That's it. You've nearly got it," he called up to Jacko. "Now then—throw it down."

But the line was not the only thing that came down. The branch snapped and down came Jacko as well! He knocked his father clean over, and they both rolled down the bank into the river.

It was the last day's fishing for a long time!

Tales Before Bedtime

The Little House

THE Little House was crying. Tears fell fast from the upstairs windows down the front wall.

People who did not understand said that the house was damp, and that was one reason, no one bought it. Another reason was that it was much too small.

You see, the Little House had been empty a very long while.

In the front garden stood an ugly black board with the words For Sale painted on it in large white letters, but no one seemed to want to buy it. The Big House next door was sold—indeed the new people were moving in that very day; and the Villa on the other side of the road had been taken by a jolly family, a mother and father, two big boys, and a little girl.

It was no wonder that the Little House felt lonely and neglected!

"Cheer up, Little House!" cried the Villa. "You never know! Someone might come along this very day."

And sure enough, as the Villa spoke, the Little House espied a lady coming down the road with the Estate Agent—the man whose job it is to buy and sell houses.

"This is the house, ma'am," said he, as they turned in at the gate.

He opened the front door and they went in.

"I think it's perfectly charming," said the lady. "It will just do for Grandpa and Granny—it's just the right size for them. They don't want to be bothered with a big house at their age."



Grandpa reads to her

And now the Little House is all smiles. Granny has put soft white curtains up at the windows, and Grandpa has worked hard in the garden.

And when the Sun is shining, Granny, in her smart ribbon cap, sits with her knitting by the lavender bush, and Grandpa reads his paper out aloud to her in the big armchair under the porch where the honeysuckle climbs.

As for the Little House, why, she will tell you that she wouldn't change places with the finest mansion in England!

Wise Old Weather Saws—March



A bushel of March dust is a thing
Worth the ransom of a king.

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town, and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1925 1924	1925 1924
London	6491..7079..	5019..5430
Glasgow	1945..2005..	1299..1597
Manchester	1104..1155..	1043..888
Belfast	802..812..	569..648
Edinburgh	573..684..	507..505
Bristol	458..563..	408..447
Nottingham	389..426..	266..300
Portsmouth	361..365..	227..268
Ipswich	111..120..	91..70
Darlington	103..103..	83..64
Lincoln	84..104..	74..71
Aberdare	73..82..	70..38

The four weeks are up to Jan. 31, 1925.

Ici on Parle Français



Le rouleau Le rat La bague
Elle tient un rouleau de musique
Bien peu de gens aiment les rats
Elle porte cette bague au doigt



Le tapis La chambre La règle
J'aime ces beaux tapis d'Orient
Cette chambre paraît confortable
A quoi sert la règle? A mesurer

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

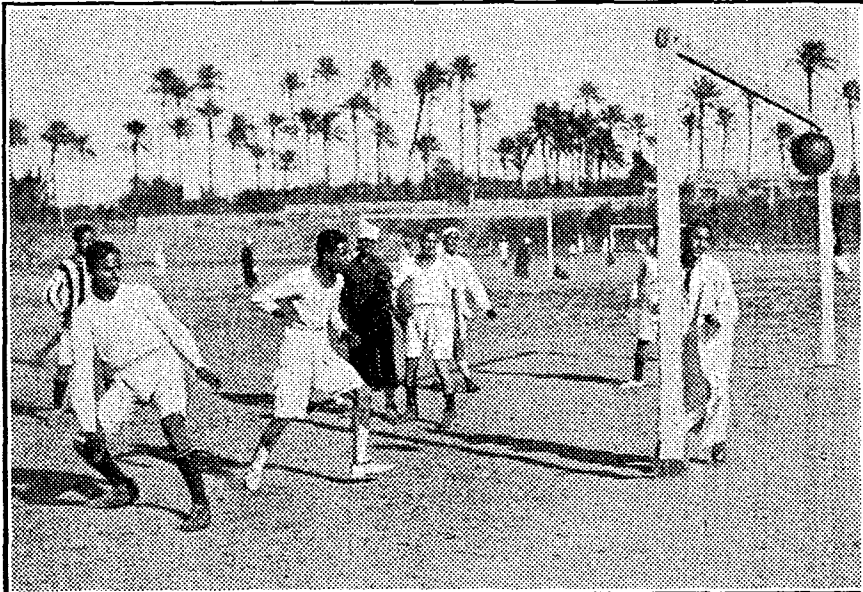
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 7, 1925

Every Thursday 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere, inland and abroad, for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere, except Canada, for 14s. a year; Canada, 13s. 6d. See below.

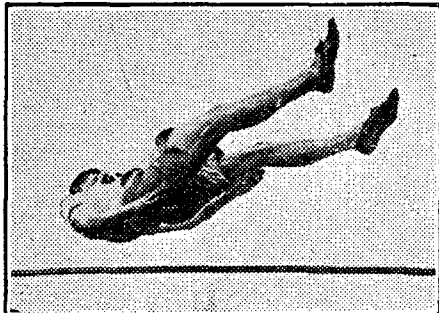
EGYPTIAN BOYS AT FOOTBALL • THE WATER BICYCLE • A TURBINE TRAIN



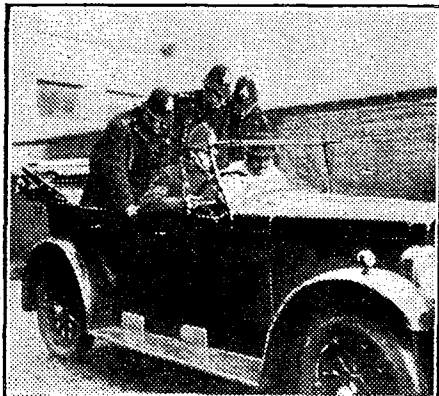
Egyptian Schoolboys at Football—The Egyptians have taken to football very keenly, and here we see some schoolboys enjoying a game on a pitch of sand. They are skilful players



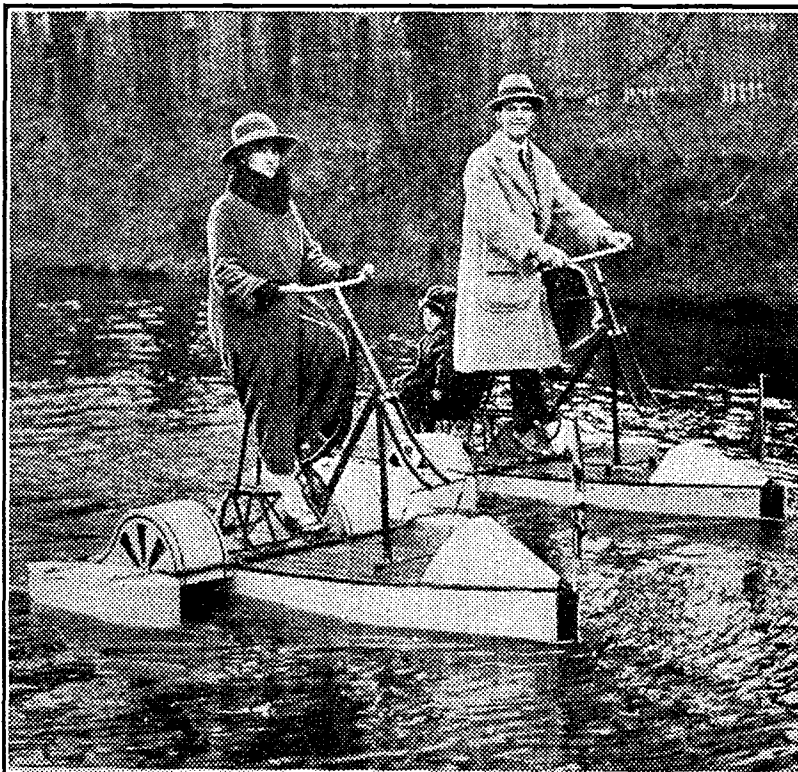
Big Seas at Blackpool—The stormy weather lately caused very heavy seas at many seaside places, and at Blackpool the North Pier Jetty was swept from end to end by the fierce waves



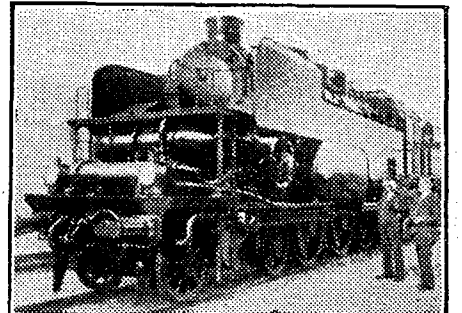
A Big Jump—This is how one competitor at Cambridge University Sports took the high jump—with his heels higher than his head



Go-Ahead Hanley—The Hanley police—which, last week, were shown holding Safety First Classes for Children—are being taught motor-car driving to help them in traffic duties



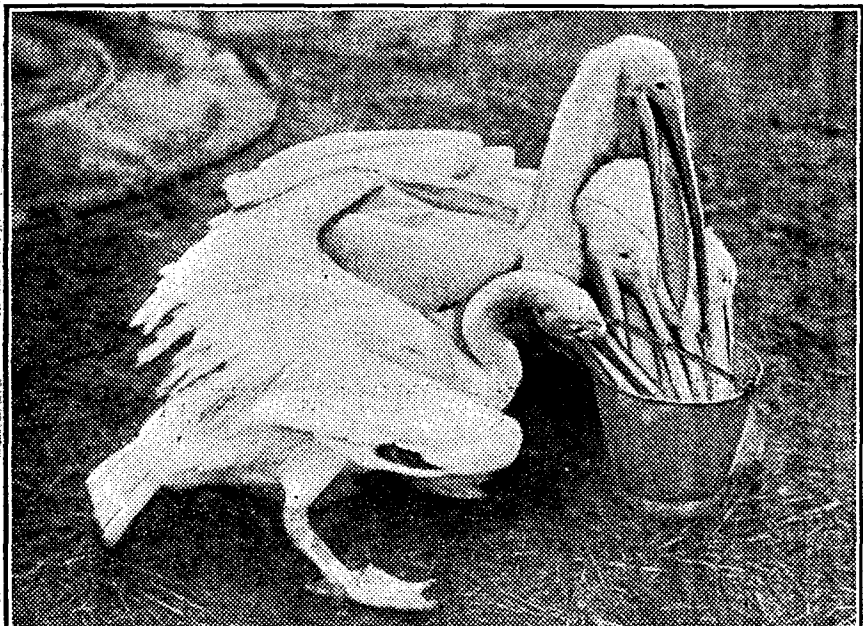
The Water Bicycle—Two Clydebank men have invented a kind of water-bicycle which it is claimed can travel on any river or pond, and which can be adapted cheaply from an ordinary machine. In this picture one of the inventors is seen out for a ride with his family on the boating pond at Dalnair, and they appear to be enjoying their ride



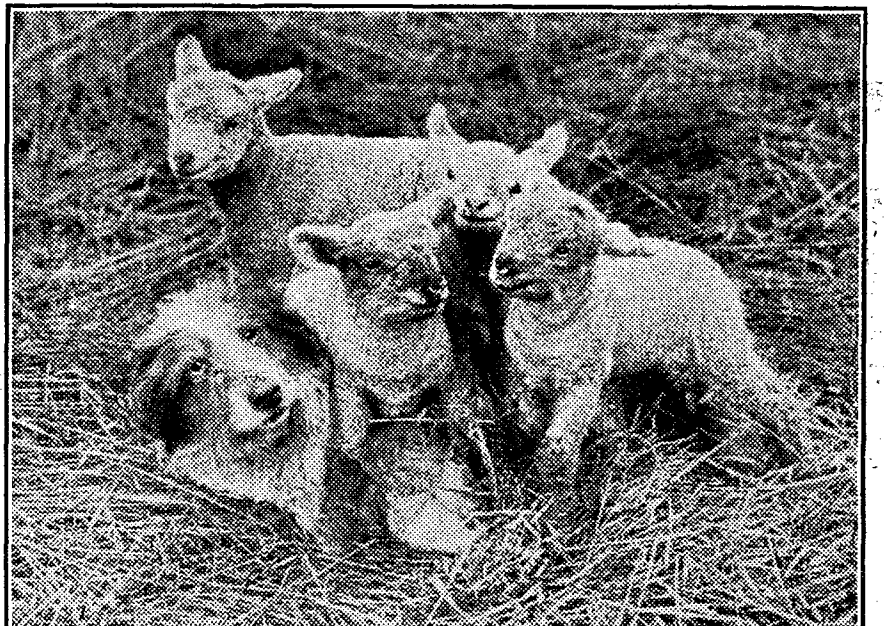
A Turbine Locomotive—This huge locomotive, built by the German firm of Krupp, is one of the most up-to-date engines on any railway



The Pigeons of St. Paul's—The pigeons of St. Paul's are not concerned by the serious reports concerning the dome, but are going about as usual, and finding many friends to feed them



The Pelicans at Breakfast—This crowd of pelicans at the London Zoo are quarrelling over a bucketful of fish which their keeper has given them. They are very greedy birds, and are all trying hard to squeeze one another away from the bucket. They collect the food in their pouches



A Happy Family of Friends on the Farm—This sheep dog on a farm in Surrey is a very close friend of the lambs in its charge. These are only about a week old, and, as the picture shows, the dog does not mind in the least its little playmates gambolling about it

THE UNSEEN CONTROLLER OF YOUR LIFE—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR MARCH

The Children's Newspaper is printed and published every Thursday by the proprietors, The Amalgamated Press (1922), Ltd., The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4. It is registered as a newspaper and for transmission by Canadian post. It can be ordered (with My Magazine) from these agents: Canada, Imperial News Co. (Canada), Ltd.; Australasia, Gordon and Gotch; South Africa, Central News Agency. R/R